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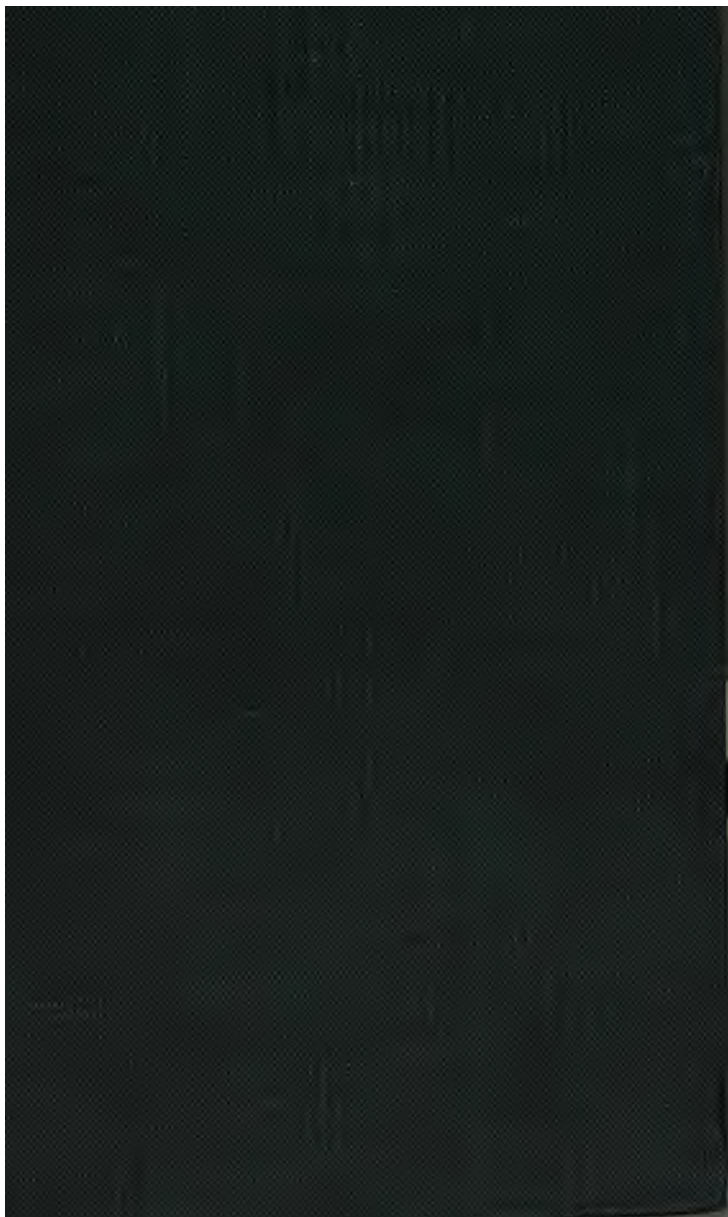
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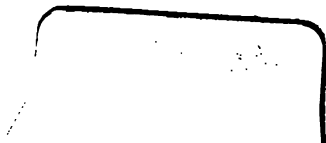
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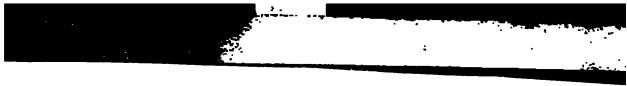
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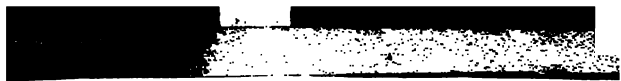
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**ACCEPTED**  
**ADDRESSES.**

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Plummer and Brewis, Printers, Love-Lane, Eastcheap.

ACCEPTED  
ADDRESSES;

OR,

*Præmium Poëtarum.*

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MACBETH TRAVESTIE,

IN THREE ACTS,

AND

MISCELLANIES,

BY DIFFERENT HANDS.

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“ Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,  
And THESE be happy call'd ———.”

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1813.



## PREFACE.



IT may be enquired how have these **ADDRESSES** been *Accepted*?—Readers, however, of discernment, will duly consider their respective subjects, and then, from report or experience, will be conscious that they have been either *partly* or *wholly* accepted, or perhaps are in a state of acceptance only. Deeming this exposition quite sufficient, the Authors of the **ACCEPTED ADDRESSES** leave their readers to judge for themselves.

It may be also said, that the success of the *Rejected Addresses* has been a stimulus to the present undertaking. The Authors of the **ACCEPTED ADDRESSES** candidly acknowledge the truth of

PREFACE.

this, but flatter themselves there is equal novelty in their plan. The merit of the former rests chiefly upon *imitations*, but *characteristic follies* are the chief subjects of these ACCEPTED ADDRESSES——

Then know thyself——presume not God to scan,  
The proper study of mankind is man.

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ACCEPTED

ADDRESSES.

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ADDRESS I.

S——W——d, Esq. to the M—— s of H——d.

MY LORD,

AS I now have the honour to be,  
By *man'ging* a *playhouse* a DOUBLE M. P.  
In this, my address, I think fit to complain  
Of certain encroachments on GREAT *Drury Lane* ;  
A *third* winter playhouse, your lordship well knows,  
That I was the first, with success, to oppose ;  
Yet so many your lordship's *permissions*, I vow,  
They are worse than a third winter theatre now.  
There's one of our actors, who, in a great hurry  
For manager's sway, took *the Circus*, in Surry—  
*The Circus!* oh, that is an error of mine,  
Those that call it *the Circus* must now pay a fine.

No matter for that; this man, I assure you,  
 Has opened against us a new **LITTLE Drury**.  
 Tho' not in the *face* of our playhouse, good lack!  
 My lord, 'tis as bad, for he strikes in the *back*.  
 He gave Ph—p Ast—y (in cash he abounds)  
 For his *wooden* construction, 'bout three thousand  
 pounds;

And having white-wash'd and embellish'd the same,  
 Has borrow'd a **LITTLE** of Drury-Lane's name.

I enter against this new stage my protest,  
 And hope by your lordship it will be suppress'd.  
 To show what the law in this case too enacts,  
 I'll state to your lordship a few well known facts—  
 When Palmer the Royalty Theatre raised,  
 The managers seem'd both perplexed and amazed,  
 They issued their threats in the newspapers daily,  
 And also in bills posted round the Old Bailey.  
 How great were the Royalty company's fears,  
 For *vagrant* and *vagabond* rung in their ears.  
 The act of George Two, at this time was referr'd  
 to,

And lawyers, on both sides, accordingly heard too.  
 However, the magistrates quickly agreed,  
 That Palmer had no legal right to proceed.  
 The regular drama one night grac'd his scenes,  
 Which was *As you like it*, and *Miss in her Teens*;

And, conscious he acted without regularity,  
 The profits were wisely bestow'd on a charity.  
 Unfortunate Palmer soon after began  
 To act little pieces on Sadler's Well's plan,  
 As against him the lawyers had given their voice,  
 What else but burlettas cou'd be *Hobson's Choice*.\*  
 The managers still their informers dispatch'd,  
 Who all the performances narrowly watch'd,  
 And sent poor D—lp—i to *quod*, like a thief,  
 Because on the stage he had uttered "Roast beef."  
 So Palmer, now finding his labour was vain,  
 Return'd to the Theatre Royal again.  
 Here also Macready, sixteen years ago,  
 Attempted burlettas, and pantomime show;  
 But still there were spies sent to give information,  
 Which brought his attempt to a quick termination.  
 Your lordship, without any doubt, will allow,  
 What then was the law, is the very same now;  
 How comes it that E—ll—n, then, can do more  
 Than the veteran Palmer attempted before?  
 How comes it Macready cou'd not play as well  
 Burlettas as Sc—tt, in his new *Sans Pariel*?  
 At the Circus—I mean Surry Theatre—they  
 Have given new editions of *Shakespear* and *Gay*,

\* The name of the first burletta brought out at the Coventry Theatre.

For they, to my knowledge, have murder'd *Macbeth*  
 And, in the like manner, *Macheath* put to death.  
 We oft in *Octavian* may now a tragedian see,  
 At the Royalty Theatre and at the Regency;  
 I have witness'd *John Bull*, and could not help  
 saying

They were *vagrants* and *vagabonds*, all who were  
 playing;

But this may seem harsh, seeing such exhibition  
 Is stated to be by your lordship's permission;  
 I hope that your lordship will not be offended,  
 But your power, of late, has been too much extended  
 When Drury-Lane Theatre suffered by fire,  
 The company then did all succour require;  
 To act for themselves, the Lyceum they took,  
 (The law in this case we might well overlook),  
 And play'd not by *patent*, but by a *permission*,  
 For fear Drury's renters might claim an admission  
 Soon after, but heaven knows how it was claim'd  
 The Lyceum—a theatre royal was named—  
 A theatre royal! the title has weight in't,  
 Did A——d, pray, purchase the company  
 patent?

The patent, I mean, which so long has been do-  
 mant,

For then, without doubt, he can justly perform on't

If not, where's the lawyer, altho' he'd employ all  
His talents, can prove it a theatre royal?  
Now this is a matter, I very well know,  
May soon be disputed by C——n and Co.  
A theatre royal! 'tis they that shou'd try it,  
And see if 'tis so by a C———n's *fiat*.  
I shall not, my lord, on your patience intrude,  
So with a request my address shall conclude,  
As the *great* Drury playhouse shall not be oppos'd,  
I hope that the *little one* soon may be closed.

*Dover-Street.*

## ADDRESS II.

*Anthony Pasquin to R—— C——ts, Esq.*

**YOUR** zeal for theatricals much I commend;  
And hope to be, therefore, considered your friend.  
You want popularity, I want the rhino,  
And both are attainable, very well, I know;  
By puff and memoirs I shall soon raise your name,  
Provided that I've some reward for the same.  
I've written already the lives of comedians,  
Whose spirits have long ago sought other regions,  
But that I may be by yourself better known,  
I'll give you, good sir, a brief sketch of my own.  
In Dublin I made my first scribbling essay,  
As dramatist there I dress'd up an old play;  
But soon was my comedy laid on the shelf,  
And only the title, sir, liv'd in myself—  
Yes, liv'd in myself, for, good sir, you must know,  
Ever after they call'd me *The Unfortunate Beau!*  
Quite mortified then, with such critics as these,  
*Whom few are the authors that ever can please,*

To London I came, where subsistence I sought;  
To make now a fortune I really thought.  
As satire had brought Peter Pindar such fame,  
Of course a satirical bard I became;  
And knowing he wrote by a title fictitious,  
I borrow'd a name, wou'd I hoped be propitious.  
The *children of Thespis* now dreaded my pen,  
For I was resolv'd upon lashing them then.  
By terror obliged, to my work they subscribed,  
And great were my profits, when thus I was  
bribed;  
But Fortune is fickle, she frequently frowns,  
And many, you know, are this world's ups and  
downs;  
I had not a friend, and suffice it to say,  
I found it expedient to go far away;  
But in the mean time—very hard is my case,  
My enemies loaded my name with disgrace.  
I damages sought, as a fit compensation,  
When greater, indeed, was my mortification,  
That I was a libeller, oft was repeated,  
And so it was deem'd I was properly treated.  
However, some how my affairs I adjusted,  
And then to my wits for subsistence I trusted.  
So busy am I that I'm all over dirt,  
I scarcely have time to put on a clean shirt.



Thus having with candor my station imparted,  
I hope I shall find you, dear sir, tender-hearted;  
A property handsome, I hear you inherit;  
I'm willing by puffs to confer on your merit;  
Henceforward shall you be an *amateur* called,  
And all your performances highly extolled.  
To write for you, sir, shall be my occupation,  
I'll give you on hobbies a fine dissertation,  
And in my accounts I shall take care to mention,  
You act with a kind and praise-worthy intention  
T' assist the unfortunate and the forsaken.  
These panegyrics the public will take in;  
I'll hold up your motives to such admiration,  
Your acting shall meet with great approbation.  
But I will expect, and its not out of reason,  
You'll play for my benefit every season;  
I'll borrow a widow's name on the occasion,  
Or else get a friend's, by the dint of persuasion;  
And by this manœuvre, perhaps, I may clear  
A sum for my purposes, every year.  
'Twill then be my interest to keep up your name  
I'll publish to all your theatrical fame;  
A favourite actor you'll be, I engage,  
When sporting your legs on the Haymarket stage  
Not only the Haymarket, but, I assure you,  
The Opera House, the Lyceum, and Drury:

Your portrait shall be in the booksellers' shops,  
Your legs be the envy of all London fops ;  
Your diamonds shall be the delight of each gaper,  
Your curricl too, shall be cut out with paper.\*  
To this my proposal, I pray then attend,  
And, sir, on my services you may depend

The papyruscum.

For when EUPHEMIA did petition  
*Two guineas*, in her sad condition,  
He was *a lacking* in his duty,  
Tho' supplicated thus by beauty ;  
Then, tho' to please the fair his hobby,  
T' *assist* them would too great a job be.  
He gratifies no fair that begs,  
Except by showing her his *legs* ;  
His lovely legs ! which, *bonâ-fide*,  
In clumsey boots will never hide he.  
Euphemia, sure, was more than many fit,  
To have his aid upon a benefit ;  
A worthier object, 'tis confess'd,  
Than *Widow Fairburn*, and the rest.  
I hear, tho' for this *liberal* aid  
A liberal present must be paid ;  
True, on my honour, for, you know  
The gallant, gay Latha-ri-o  
None can in summer or in winter view,  
Till a *douceur* obtains the interview.  
Ah, then, my charmer, knit thy brows,  
Nor listen to this lover's vows ;  
Cou'dst thou with gracious smiles exhilarate  
A man who acts at such a silly rate ?  
Oh, never, never, I foresee—  
Those gracious smiles are kept for me ;

And that your frowns will in a hurry kill  
 The cock that crows upon his curricle.  
 Tell him, my love, you're very sorry  
 That he should be *a dying* for you,  
 But as he dies with great decorum,  
 Tell him, when dead, that you'll *encore* him.  
 But wherefore dictate to my fair  
 Of protestations to beware?  
 Why of my rivals entertain  
 A doubt, but that their suits are vain?  
 Convinc'd am I their claims are wrong,  
 Convinc'd their joy will not be -- LONG!  
 Convinc'd am I my fair one doats,  
 Not on a Prince, or Bobby C——ts,  
 But on her servant true, sincere,  
 Who always will her charms revere;  
 Convinc'd am I that she'll prefer  
 The man that idolizes her;  
 Convinc'd am I that she'll accept  
 The vows that will be always kept;  
 That she'll accept of this address,  
 And with her hand the author bless.  
 Ecstatic hope! on this I live—  
 A hope I'd not for kingdoms give,  
 While I remain, my life, my soul,  
 Your fond admirer,

## ADDRESS IV.

*Nobody to Somebody.*

I NOBODY myself have named,  
Because of Somebody ashamed ;  
For, oh ! a cuckold, I'll be sworn,  
By Everybody's laugh'd to scorn,  
A kind of Nobody he's deemed,  
For he by Nobody's esteemed—  
A ninny—a poltroon—he passes,  
Unnoticed by the lads and lasses ;  
In whom, of spirit, not a spark is,  
So Nobody may be a M——s.  
Now, Somebody is he that *rules*,  
And makes those mincompoops—those fools.  
And as that Somebody art thou,  
To thee, then, Nobody must bow.  
But, I beg leave to say, that *horns*  
Are absolutely worse than corns ;  
They are so painful, and so horrid,  
I cannot bear them on my forehead—

A shameful mark! the world will mock it,  
So mine I'll carry in my pocket.  
'Tis thus, in private, they are carried,  
By many great ones that are married;  
For, tho' punctilio feels a shock at it,  
Affronts, like these, are often *pocketted*.  
When horns are *gilt*, some do not mind them,  
But rather a *convenience* find them—  
Not only with great patience bear them,  
But, seemingly, with pride they wear them.  
'Tis not for *gilt* ones that I drive at,  
I only wish them to be *private*.  
As you're a—Somebody—a R——,  
'Tis fit that I should be obedient—  
Do what you will—I shall be blind,  
And say you're,—“very—very kind;”  
Do what you will—I shall be cool,  
Your *most oblig'd* obsequious tool.

*Hertford, April 1.*

## ADDRESS V.

*Henry Augustus to the Examiner.*

Who was JUNIUS ?

THIS, Mr. *Examiner*, has been a question,  
 Which has occasioned much curious suggestion ;  
 But I am the person to whom, Sir, alone,  
 This wonderful secret at present is known ;  
 And I am enabled, at length, to disclose,  
 The name of the man who this signature chose ;  
 It was a comedian—the late Mr. Suett,  
 Who belong'd to Old Drury—a long time I knew it ;  
 But durst not tell any what I did alone know,  
 Till now, which I do, Sir, *pro publico bono*.  
*Dick Gossyp*—(for Suett was known by that name,  
 As he in that character got so much fame,)

Declared on his death-bed to me, as a friend,  
That he all these famous epistles had penn'd.  
My secrecy, tho' he was pleased to desire,  
Until a fit portion of time should expire :  
Of course I my promise have kept with the dead,  
But being elaps'd now the period he said,  
Myself at full liberty, therefore, I feel,  
For the sake of the living, the truth to reveal ;  
If any incredulous person should crave it,  
I will 'fore a Magistrate make affidavit.  
Here, then, be the question, for ever at rest,  
The truth to the Editor now is confest.  
And, after this candid disclosure, you'll say,  
How silly have been the attempts of the day,  
To fix on a Hamilton Junius's name,  
Or give Shelbourn, Boyd, and some others his fame ;  
I wonder the people such tales could believe,  
For my part, I laugh'd at them all in my sleeve.  
On oath I will certify what I avow,  
And so let the laurel rest on the true brow.  
But those who to cavil and doubt are inclin'd,  
(In all clearest cases such people you'll find,)  
Alluding to Suett's *known* writing that's extant,  
Will say there is nothing of Junius's text in't ;  
They will look at his letters and tear them to pieces,  
For not having Junius's terse antithesis.



But let them of hasty conclusions beware,  
 For such a comparison cannot be fair;  
 A very great difference surely must seem,  
 'Tween letters that's scribbled on some trifling  
 theme,

(Perhaps a gay note to a brother comedian,  
 Or to a manager who would engage one.)  
 And the effusions of grave meditation,  
 Produced with anxiety for publication.  
 Those who with Suett were gracious and free,  
 And that was the case, you must know, Sir, with me,  
 Must sure recollect, his opinions indeed,  
 With Junius's sentiments always agreed.  
 All Suett's aversions were likewise the same,  
 Which is a strong proof you will own of his claim;  
 It must be admitted the proof's satisfactory,  
 And in writing Junius a very great actor he.  
 Now, Mr. Examiner, I have made bold,  
 This wonderful secret to you to unfold;  
 And I am persuaded, that, if you believe it,  
 A place in your next Sunday paper you'll give it.

*Ratcliffe Highway.*

\* See the Examiner for June 4, 1813.

## ADDRESS VI.

*The Vauxhall Proprietor to the Surrey  
Magistrates.*

**MOST** worthy Magistrates of Surrey,  
Make no decision in a hurry,  
And don't suppose it will imply sense,  
Not to renew my Vauxhall licence ;  
Believe me, Sirs, if you deny it,  
That you will get much censure by it.  
Deny it ! why ? On what pretence ?  
Pray, what has been my great offence ?  
My great offence, as it is said,  
Was, that I had a Masquerade.  
There's one of you, I mean John B—s,  
So mindful of poor people's souls,  
That he's afraid they'll go astray,  
If in Vauxhall, or at a play.

I hate those canting Methodists,  
 Who think true piety consists  
 In heaving half a dozen sighs,  
 And turning up their frightful eyes.  
 I hate those whinning *Would-be* Saints,  
 Who're always prone to make complaints,  
 If we indulge in harmless play,  
 And are occasionally gay.  
 As Masquerades had been, I swear,  
 At the Haymarket and elsewhere,  
 I thought it would be very hard,  
 Shou'd Vauxhall be of them debarr'd;  
 The town was anxious for the sport,  
 And the town's favour I must court,  
 I promis'd them this entertainment,  
 Which was not, gentlemen, for gain meant,  
 But chiefly meant, with great propriety,  
 To give Vauxhall some notoriety;  
 But Mr. B—s was sore afraid,  
 That my intended Masquerade  
 Would be productive of great evil,  
 And send poor sinners to the devil;  
 Tho' Masquerades had been so common,  
 And when did evil happen from one?  
 Eight days before—no sooner, Sirs,  
 This worthy gentleman demurs,

And notice then was sent to me,  
The entertainment must not be—  
Not be !—when that my word was given—  
To break one's word offendeth heaven.  
Did Mr. Piety advise  
His humble servant to tell lies?  
His humble servant tho' knew better—  
He to the public was a debtor.  
The debt was honourably paid,  
I gave the promis'd Masquerade ;  
So well the public, too, were treated,  
At their request it was repeated.  
Some of you, gentlemen, were present,  
And saw you aught that was unpleasant?  
Perceiv'd you any impropriety,  
Altho' of masks a great variety?  
Sirs, I defy you to tell any ;  
Then, since there's no offence, how can ye  
Refuse my licence to renew?  
A licence which I think my due.  
Consider well—for, be it known,  
It is not me you'll vex alone ;  
Spite of the sanctity pretended,  
The public will be much offended.  
There may be rioting at nights  
If you infringe upon their rights ;

And folks will say, on each alarm,  
That you have done a deal of harm.  
Be therefore wise, and heed not, pray,  
What the enthusiastic say,  
Who would your honours gravely tell,  
Vauxhall is the high road to hell.  
So far tho' from a place of vice,  
Vauxhall is now a Paradise—  
Thus by the Public it is named—  
A Paradise—for beauty famed.  
You, Gentlemen, I then accost,  
Not to let Paradise be lost,  
But grant your licence to sell beer,  
And other necessary cheer ;  
And, spite of B—wles and R—d H—l,  
Your humble servant I'll be still.

G. B.

## ADDRESS VII.

*Dodd's Ghost to George Colm—n the  
younger.*

by the ashes of the dead molest,  
 for so many years have been at rest?  
 licate "*Vagarics*" was there need,  
 to mind my oft repented deed?  
 —for which, with penitence and awe,  
 went the sentence of the law,  
 p'd, as Heav'n and all mankind forgave,  
 d have perished with me in the grave.  
 —the younger Colm—n has thought fit  
 e it now the subject of his wit.  
 ant phraseology, you say,  
 Rev. Dr. Dodd was hang'd one day,  
 nly forgery."—And then you write—  
 nder Hackman died," poor brother sprite!  
 refore not do justice to his ghost,  
 , thro' love his senses he had lost?

And wherefore of my works no notice take,  
 Which some atonement for my folly make ?  
 My *Prison Thoughts* are lessons for mankind ;  
 There's food in my *Reflections* for the mind.  
 These, my productions will be read, I wot,  
 When your *Vagaries* will be all forgot ;  
 Why trouble ghosts by talking of their sins ?  
 Was this a subject worthy of *Broad Grins* ?  
 Why dwell upon the vices of us both ?  
 Forsooth because they're vices of *the cloth*.  
 Remember, Sir, a Parson's but a man ;  
 The Royal Preacher into error ran ;  
 And every honest Minister must own,  
 Like all mankind he is to error prone.  
 Are dramatists from wickedness exempt ?  
 Have none of them been brought into contempt ?  
 Th' immortal bard, his biographers say,  
 Was brought before a Magistrate *one day*.  
 And B—ck—rst—ff was forc'd to flee with *shame*,  
 For only, Sir, " a crime without a name."  
 Accept of this address, then, from the dead,  
 And let it be with due attention read ;  
 Nor dare, when the Reviewers trouble thee,  
 To trouble us———

Adieu——

Remember me.

## ADDRESS VIII.

*Lord Th——w to Miss B—lt—n.*

I WOULD I'd the pen of Lord B—r—n,  
 To sing all the charms of my syren ;  
 For then all her charms shou'd be caroll'd,  
 In metre as sweet as " Childe Harolde,—"  
 But I am a poor kind of poet,  
 And this composition will show it ;  
 For I have no patience for rhyme,  
 No genius to write the sublime ;  
 Nor cou'd I my charmer forget you for  
 A simile or a fine metaphor ;  
 But tho' its mere stuff I produce,  
 My being a Lord is excuse.  
 How gladly wou'd I undertake,  
 With thee, love, a *couplet* to make ;  
 And trust, the addresses I pay,  
 Will for a *duett* pave the way.  
 How often in fine and wet weather,  
 We'll both of us strike up together,



And make a delightful grand chorus,  
In strains very sweet and sonorous.  
I have visited often Covent Garden,  
In hopes there of begging your pardon;  
For when I'd *bolt on* you, you'd cry  
"Oh Lord!" and your *Lord* then was by—  
And I the fond hope entertain,  
Of making you cry out again.  
As I am determined to wed ye,  
The ring I have purchased already,  
For fear in my hurry, dear soul,  
I'd forget it like poor W——y P——.  
A *Lady*, my charmer, I'll make you,  
And never—oh never forsake you—  
We'll haste to the country away,  
And *Love in a Village* there play—  
As harmony shall be our plan,  
You'll sing to me, "Go naughty man;"  
And when that *the tempest* is over,  
I'll be your fond complaisant lover.  
Indeed, my dear girl, I deplore,  
I cannot find rhyme to say more;  
Then believe me most faithful and true—  
Your servant at all times—adieu.

## ADDRESS IX.

*The Secret Committee to Mrs. S-dd-na.*

DEAR Madam, you see with what zeal we engage,  
In courting your speedy return to the stage.

For votes we are canvassing daily the town,  
To whom; for your sake, all our names are un-  
known;

For were it suppos'd we were intimate friends,  
They'd say we were canvassing for private ends;  
So we, as a Secret Committee, came forth,  
The friends of the drama, of genius and worth;  
Pretending while you were engag'd in your read-  
ings,

That you had no cognizance of our proceedings.  
Great consequence too we thought fit to affect,  
That nobody might our true motives suspect;  
And when that you gave Covent Garden your aid,  
And Lady Macbeth for a benefit play'd;  
That night did we go for the sake of a rout,  
And scattered profusely our hand bills about;

“Recal Mrs. S-dd-ns,” we said in large letters,  
And made this demand as the Company’s betters;  
Pretending our taste was superior to all,  
We urg’d the necessity of your recall.  
Declar’d that the drama a loss had sustained,  
And of your retirement with sorrow complained.  
This conduct was censur’d in some morning print,  
The writer began a *collusion* to hint;  
But we in advertisements gave him a lash,  
Despising his *silly, malevolent trash*:  
By still persevering, the world will think then,  
The Secret Committee are very great men—  
And as on your talents we’ll lay a great stress,  
You may by next winter accept our address;  
And trust us, good Madam, ’twill not be surmised,  
That ever between us th’ address was devised.

## ADDRESS X.

*Mrs. S-dd-ns to the Invisible Committee.*

DEAR SIRS,

I'm afraid that the public will guess,  
That I have been prompting you in your address ;  
So sudden have been your proceedings, I fear,  
As studied, they to a great many appear,  
Your hand bills did seem a *deliberate* dealing,  
'Twas not a good *stage trick* to show *sudden*  
feeling.

Your advertisements too have been criticised,  
To read such poor language I much was surprised,  
And wish that to CHARLES you had gone for in-  
struction,

For then 'twou'd have been a much better pro-  
duction ;

As being a dramatist and a translator,  
A good bill of fare he'd have help'd you to cater.

Th' address was too hasty—some time had you  
kept it,

I cou'd with decorum have agreed to accept it.

Some say with assurance (for what can surpass it?)

'Tis accepted already by my sufferance tacit.

I'm willing t'accept it may also be said,

Because I've for benefits cheerfully play'd ;

But they cannot suppose that this was the call you  
meant,

As I've not perform'd on those nights for emolu-  
ment—

Indeed, Sirs, the truth to acknowledge I grieve,  
That ever I took of the public my leave.

I thought, as so long I enjoy'd their protection,  
That to my return they wou'd ne'er have objection.

But, gentlemen, now you see many attack us,  
For which I perhaps am indebted to Bacchus.

So be not surpris'd, my dear Sirs, when you beg  
at eve,

If to your Address I shou'd give a cool negative ;  
For prudence demands that with cunning and art,  
Like Lady Macbeth I should now play my part.  
Renew it, I pray, and when often address'd,  
I may with propriety grant your request.

## ADDRESS XL.

*W-ll-r Sc-tt, Esq. to his Publishers.*

## I.

**BE** not discouraged—gentlemen,  
 Tho' Criticism has run me down—  
 Tho' Burlesque has assum'd my pen,  
 And Plagiary stole my renown—  
 Give me more cash—I'll take more pains,  
 And far surpass my former strains,  
 In Metaphor and Thought.—  
 My Fancy too shall soar so high,  
 That Burlesque-writers I'll defy,  
 And Critics set at nought.—

## II.

Successful in my first essay,  
 My friends began to greet—  
 My *First*, entitled the *Last Lay*—  
 No minstrel sung more sweet—

Then envy slept and I became,  
At once a Poet of great fame ;  
For much applause I had—  
Proud of the offspring of my pen,  
I was resolv'd to write agen,  
And to my laurels add.

## III.

My *Marmion* I then gave the town,  
In strains energetic and bold ;  
The Critics were ready to own,  
The *Battle* sublimely was told.  
But one *Peter Pry*,  
His humour must try,  
To burlesque the Poem I'd written ;  
To me it did seem,  
A wonderful theme,  
For any to exercise wit on.

## IV.

Resolved another work to make,  
I wrote the *Lady of the Lake* ;  
The Lady was so much the rage,  
That she was brought upon the stage ;  
But grief to tell !

The younger C—lm—n must think fit,  
 (In order to display his wit)  
 My Lady, who the LAKE did deck,  
 To make—*the Lady of the WRECK* ;  
 Nor was this all—for—Oh for shame !  
     Presumptuous Plagiary, I wot,  
     Stole all my sentiments and plot,  
 And made a *Novel* of the same.

## V.

I'll nought of *Don Roderic* say,  
 For that, Sirs, had never fair play—  
 And well the poor Author may rail—  
 In oblivion Don Roderic lay ;  
     For all must allow,  
     There wer'nt puffs enow,  
 And how could it then have a sale ?

## VI.

I then my dear *Rokeby* devised—  
 By MURRAY 'twas well advertised ;  
     For he made a boast,  
     In the *Times* and the *Post*,  
 (And many the puffs too believed)  
 That he the *first copies* received—



But oh my unfortunate Rokeby!  
 Who e'er of a parody dream't,  
 To bring thee thus into contempt,  
 Metamorphosing thee into JOKEBY.  
 When I saw—oh how great was my passion,  
 The bills upon Edinburgh wall—  
 Fit dress for this writer of fashion \*—  
 I sent men to cover them all.

## VII.

Now gentlemen, as I have hinted,  
 I wish a new work to be printed—  
 Another's already prepared,  
 Then don't let your money be spared.  
 I hate in my price to be stinted—  
 'Tis such—it will baffle all wit,  
 'Tis such—that no burlesque can hit:  
 'Tis such—so sublime and so grand—  
 The Critics will not understand.  
 And I long—ah I long now to show'em,  
 The charms of my forth-coming Poem.—

\* Jokeby is said to be written by an Amateur of Fash

## ADDRESS XII.

*Jemmy Jumps to the Hon. L. St. G. S—ff—n.*

I SEND, worthy Sir, this address,  
In hopes you'll relieve my distress.  
A Staymaker—that, Sir, my trade is,  
Who frequently measured the ladies;  
But afterwards such was the taste,  
No lady was seen with a waist,  
I scarcely my passion could bridle,  
For poor Jemmy Jumps now was idle.  
And when female waists were restored,  
To me did it little afford ;  
For women (you must be aware)  
Now make all the stays for the fair.  
In this unexpected dilemma,  
Alas ! 'tis all *dicky* with Jemmy,  
Unless fashion-mongers like you,  
A something for Staymakers do.

Suppose, then, that stays, like the fair,  
Our bucks condescended to wear.—  
Were this, Sir, the fashion to be,  
"Twou'd be a blest fashion for me!  
Oh, then—"lose no time,"—but make haste,  
And measure I'll take of your waist;  
The fashion be eager to raise,  
And DUKES will be strutting in stays.  
So many your friends too, I know,  
The practice will general grow;  
Becoming so much too the rage,  
That men shall wear stays on the stage.  
Oh, then, "lose no time," but insist on  
Your friends, Messrs M—th—ws and L—st—n,  
To put on their stays in a *jiffy*,  
And be like the hon'able SKEFFY—,  
Nay, more I will prove, for a fact 'tis,  
That *honor* calls loud for the practice;  
For surely by stays, in a duel,  
The wound may be render'd less cruel.  
Oh, then, be the fashion embraced,  
Let every puppy be *laced*;  
And, Sir, as a cure for my dumps,  
An order pray give

JEMMY JUMPS.

## ADDRESS XIII.

*Rev. R—wl—d H—ll to the H— of C—ns.*

**GOOD** christians I beg your attention to call,  
And hope that good christians you'll prove your-  
selves all ;  
**To** India, and elsewhere, let preachers be sent,  
**To** rouse up the natives to pray and repent,  
**For**, if not instructed, with sorrow I tell,  
**These** wretched poor sinners must all go to hell ;  
**And** certain I am that no cause can be given,  
**Why** Missionaries should not conduct them to  
heaven,  
**As** rational creatures they've always behaved,  
**And** why should they not, then, like others be  
saved ?  
**I** find to the plan that some people object,  
**Who** argue, it seems, to the following effect :—

“ These heathens a God of their own worship  
now,

How can we expect to another they'll bow ?  
And tho' as mysterious their rites we condemn,  
Will not ours appear as mysterious to them ?”  
Then some of our tenets these critics dwell on,  
Particularly that of *three persons in one* ;  
These critics, however, though seemingly wise,  
Are ignorant what the word PERSON implies ;  
*Individual* 'tis construed by every fool,  
Especially those of the *Swedenburgh* school ;  
But if the old poets they'd ever perus'd,  
They'd find as a *character* oft it is used,  
And such in our creed must be the interpretation,  
A character—hence a divine emanation ;  
And characters three in the Godhead I trace—  
What are they ? I answer, *Love, Mercy, and*  
*Grace.*

As Missionaries, then, beware of false preachers,  
For what can be worse than such ignorant teachers ;  
Those of Fryer-street, York-street, and Dudley-  
court,  
Who injure the cause they attempt to support—  
Who some scripture-texts for their purpose select,  
But to a great number of others object.  
The body's resurrection deny they indeed,  
*Altho'* “ he is risen” of Christ they may read ;

And therefore like Jews by denying it, they  
Must think that his body was stolen away.  
Beware of such preachers—for if such were sent  
Believe me the heathens would never repent ;  
I know of the Methodists they will speak bad,  
And say we are all enthusiastic and mad.  
But though of our *methods* they loudly complain,  
As bigots we still are resolved to remain.

## ADDRESS XIV.

*The P—— R—— to his Friends.*

COME, let us be merry, my friends, I entreat,  
 Suppose at Vauxhall we've a national fête.  
 As Wellington's conquest is now all the theme,  
 A compliment to the field marshal 'twill seem.  
 You know, my dear friends, I'm fond of a feast,  
 And like, after dinner, four bottles at least ;  
 At Vauxhall we can have wine of every sort,  
 Some excellent claret, madeira, and port ;  
 And Terry, the cook, will, like a good soul, try  
 To furnish us with turtle soup and nice poultry.  
 But, oh, how unfashionable—pray is it not ?  
 A licence for wine is all Vauxhall has got ;  
 And whenever I eat a good dinner, by jingo,  
 I must keep it down with a tumbler of stingo ;  
 However, I have a sly pocket, quite handy,  
 Wherein I can slip a pint bottle of brandy.  
 Let all then bring liquor who wish to be mellow,  
 L—d C——h will, faith, for he's a *rum* fellow.

Ah, then we shall tipple and chat like gay souls,  
 And the bottles, when empty, we'll fling at  
 J—— B——s.

The dinner, I warrant you, will be drest nicely,  
 At five on the table, it shall be precisely.  
 This said on the tickets, why, we'll then contrive  
 To sit down, I'm sure, about half after five:  
 At all public dinners, in every such place,  
 The guests are entitled to half an hour's grace.  
 This granted, we may at a certainty fix,  
 The company will be assembled at six.  
 And when all assembled, we then shall have sport,  
 The gardens afford opportunities for't.  
 The band shall in separate places remain,  
 That echo may give every parley again.  
 And when, my dear friends, as a toast you give me,  
 (Heaven grant that applause it may meet three  
 times three)

Then T—yl—r shall do his best vocal endeavour,  
 By singing, "The Prince and Old England for  
 ever."

We'll get about thirty performers to sing,  
 The gardens shall thunder with "God save the  
 King."

And when to the "Conquering Hero" we come,  
 How Vauxhall shall resound with "**Britain's strike  
 Home.**"



We'll drink, my brave fellows, as long as we're able,  
I hope that J—— B—— may be under the table.  
A very great wonder, 'twill be too, I think,  
If we make not the Turkish ambassador drink;  
On him for a toast in a bumper we'll call,  
And tell him that Mahomet's not in Vauxhall.  
In order that we may be further delighted,  
Some ladies shall be to our supper invited.  
Tho' nothing for supper we'll have very nice,  
What's left at our dinner will surely suffice;  
I say what is left, for most certain I am,  
That we shall have plenty of veal and of ham.  
What sport I anticipate—thanks to the trees,  
We'll do with the ladies whatever we please.  
My spouse will be there, I've no manner of doubt,  
But in such a crowd she can ne'er find me out,  
For I am resolved at this national feast,  
That there shall be seated two thousand at least.  
My wish now imparted, I beg leave to say,  
I leave it to you, sirs, to fix on the day.  
Of T——y and P——k pray take the advice,  
What should for this dinner, per head, be the price.  
When this is determined let each gentleman  
Dispose of some tickets as fast as he can.

*Pall-Mall.*

## ADDRESS XV.

*W—on Fl—r, Attorney, to Mrs. G—.*

FIVE THOUSAND\* I'd give for a kiss—  
 Extatic, superlative bliss !  
 I'd give all the world (if possess),  
 To be by my charmer carest.  
 To pity, Oh ! then be inclined,  
 For you are *all good* and all kind,  
 Nor think it, my love, any sin,  
 For I do not mind it a pin ;  
 Consider, your husband's away,  
 From thee he is willing to stay ;  
 And, doubtless, in some foreign streets,  
 He toys with the lasses he meets—  
 Do you not take anger at that ?  
 Pay the Admiral then tit for tat,

\* The writer must certainly mean five thousand pounds,  
 but his *measure* would not allow of the length.

Be equally courteous and free,  
 And shed all your smiles upon me.  
 'Tis I will endure all the shame,  
 For me every body will blame ;  
 I'll be called by each stranger and visitor,  
 The cruel ungrateful Solicitor.  
 No matter—for thee, oh ! my fair,  
 The worst of misfortunes I'd bear !  
 As love is the general passion,  
*Crim. Con.* must be surely in fashion.  
 No matter what folks then exclaim,  
 Since Princes and Lords did the same ;  
 Besides, it is well understood,  
 Attorneys are not—very good.

How well I remember my fair,  
 Performing *Sir Harry Wildair*—  
 But mine is the character now,  
 For I am *Sir Harry* I vow.  
 Then do not refuse my *goldfinches*\*,  
 But look on a “ man of my inches :”  
 By heaven ! like *Octavian* I'll rave,  
 If I my *Floranthe*† don't have ;

\* See the Comedy of the “ Constant Couple,” or a  
 to the Jubilee.

† Mrs. G——I was the original *Floranthe* in the pla  
 the “ *Mountaineers*.”

Tho' somewhat past fifty—'tis true,  
I'm surely not too old for you;  
And if on your bosom I'm nurs'd,  
Your husband may then do his worst.

So many are the nights I've slept not,  
With thinking upon thee,  
That if my *favours* you accept not,  
You'll be the death of me !!!

*Took's-Court, Chancery-Lane.*

## ADDRESS XVI.

*Paddy Bull to John Bull.*

OH my dear brother Bull, this letter I've written,  
Comes hoping you're very well in Little Britain:  
I've written this letter, because, do you see,  
I got Dennis Casey to pen it for me,  
To see if I can't by persuasion, dear joy,  
Coax you over to be a brave Orange Boy.  
For do not suppose, tho' some people have said it,  
That those o' th' Orange Club are men of no  
credit.

I know one of your speakers, without any reason,  
Thought proper to say 'twas a meeting for treason;  
That's all botheration—I can *sartify* this,  
That we, Orange heroes do nothing amiss;  
And if it is true, as your Speaker harangued,  
There's some dead long ago who now should be  
hanged—

Oh had I been near him when thus he spoke wrong,  
 He should not have talk'd without *houlding* his  
 tongue—

and faith if he did, Sir, myself would reply,  
 "The truth which you utter is all a big lie."—  
 Yes, all a big lie—for 'tis well understood,  
 That we do o'my conscience a vast deal of good.  
 The oath which we take might be certainly sworn  
 by the poor little babe that's only just born.  
 Quite harmless, dear John, every word that we  
 say,  
 on this innocent oath which runs in this way:—

I, Mr. A. B. (of some place or other)  
 swear hereby to be every Orangeman's brother;  
 swear in defence of the Church and the State,  
 I'll break, when I can, every Catholic pate;  
 to show that I Protestant principles nourish,  
 swear a Shillelagh I always will flourish.  
 Moreover, to prove my aversion to Satan,  
 I'll stick to Pat D—gen—n and leave Mr. G—n."

The rest I forget—but no matter for that,  
 for yesterday morning I had it quite pat—

Now what do you say, Jack? to join us you'd better—

I hope I shall hear you say, Yes, in a letter—  
You need'nt be ashain'd of us, for faith and tro  
There's no man alive that shou'd start at  
oath.—

To put down the Pope we'll endeavour indeed;  
I don't mean *Pope's Works*, Sir, for that you n  
read—

When the Orange cockade we shall hold up  
view,

By the powers 'twill make some people look bl  
And so brother John, a cockade let me hand you  
And faith if you'll wear it—och! you'll be  
dandy—

We'll drink the Society's health and be frisky—  
You'll drink it in gin, while I drink it in whisky  
And now I'll remain faith quite happy and *aisy*,  
Till to answer this letter, dear Jack, it may *pla*  
you—

But before that you read it, I should not fa  
wonder,

If you were to find in't some terrible blunder;  
But no matter for that, for Judy my daughter,  
Swears you can make *bulls* 'tother side of t  
water;

don't know for what—but she laugh'd at one  
 Graham,  
 Who talk'd of the Theatre Royal, Lyceum\*—  
 I must bid you good-by now as I'm desired,  
 Because, do you see, Dennis Casey is tired.  
 I'd fain shake hands with you—but 'tis too long a  
 pull—  
 So no more at present from your's—

PADDY BULL.

*Donnybrook.*

\* Judy justly imagines it should be called the Theatre Royal, Strand—and indeed when we consider that the word *Lyceum* implies a place of amusement, we must acknowledge that it is a ridiculous tautology. Allowances must be made for Paddy's rhymes, which are agreeable to his pronunciation.—JOHN BULL.



## ADDRESS XVII.

*Lord B——n to J. M——y, Bookseller.*

A TURKISH tale I shall unfold,  
A sweeter tale was never told ;  
But then the facts, I must allow,  
Are in the east not common now ;  
Tho' in the " olden time," the scene  
My Goaour describes had often been.  
What is the cause ? Perhaps the fair  
Are now more cautious than they were ;  
Perhaps the Christians not so bold,  
So enterprising as of old.  
No matter what the cause may be,  
It is subject fit for me.

Take my disjointed fragments then,  
The offspring of a willing pen.

And give them to the public, pray,  
On or before the month of May.  
Yes, my disjointed fragments take,  
But do not ask *how much they'll make*;  
Perhaps not fifty pages—well,  
I in a little space can tell  
Th' adventures of an infidel;  
Of *quantity* I never boast,  
For *quality*'s approved of most.

It is a handsome sum to touch,  
Induces authors to write much;  
But in this much, alas! my friend,  
How little is there to commend.  
So, Mr. M——y, I disdain,  
To sacrifice my muse for gain.  
I wish it to be understood,  
The little which I write is good.

I do not like the quarto size,  
Th' octavo, therefore, I advise.  
Then do not, Mr. M——y, fail,  
To publish this, my Turkish Tale;  
For tho' the volume may be thin,  
A thousand readers it will win;

And when my pages they explore,  
They'll gladly read them o'er and o'er;  
And all the ladies, I engage,  
With tears will moisten every page.

LITTLE MAN AND LITTLE SOUL.

A NEW BALLAD,

Written by the Right Honourable C—s A—t.

TO THE TUNE OF,

"There was a Little Man, and he wooed a Little Maid."

THERE was a little man, and he had a little soul,  
And he said, "Little soul, let us try, try, try,  
" Whether it's within our reach  
" To make up a little speech,  
" Just between little you and little I, I, I,  
" Just between little you and little I.

Then said his little soul,  
 Peeping from her little hole,  
 " I protest, little man, you are stout, stout, stout,  
 " But if it's not uncivil,  
 " Pray tell me, what the devil  
 " Must our little, little speech be about, 'bout,  
 " 'bout?  
 " Must our little, &c.

The little man look'd big,  
 With th' assistance of his wig,  
 And he call'd his little soul to order, order, order,  
 Till she fear'd he'd make her jog-in  
 To jail, like THOMAS CROGGAN,  
 (As she wasn't duke or earl) to reward her, 'ward  
 her, 'ward her,  
 (As she wasn't duke, &c.

The little man then spoke,  
 " Little soul, it is no joke,  
 " For, as sure as JACKY F—LL—R loves a sup,  
 sup, sup,  
 " I will tell the prince and people,  
 " What I think of church and steeple,  
 " And our patent little plan to prop them up, up,  
 up,  
 " And our patent, &c.

Away then, cheek by jowl,  
Little man and little soul,  
Went and spoke their little speech to a tittle,  
tittle, tittle,  
And the world all declare,  
That this priggish little pair,  
Never yet, in all their lives, look'd so little, little,  
little,  
Never yet, &c.

## AN ADDRESS

*To an Old Wig on a Mopstick, placed in a  
as a Secrestress.*

In which the bard sublimely guesseth at the  
heads the aforesaid tegument of hair may have co-  
—Praiseth the greatness and goodness of princes.—  
misseth the nobility rather hastily.—Laudeth the  
dom, parity, and simplicity of bishops, deans, and d-  
—Glanceth lightly at the lord high chancellor.—  
eth beyond all bounds the dove-like gentleness of  
per, the lamb-like mildness of countenance, and the  
ven-descended mercifulness of the dispositions of j-  
Toucheth up those rogues the libellers.—Threat  
the wig, which shaketh, and seemeth to speak.  
bard then gradually traceth the downfall of the  
a head as poor and as empty as his own; from t  
followeth it to the mopstick.—Maketh a very bes  
comparison between a great man and a wig upon a  
stick.— Taketh his leave of the peruque, and concl  
by immortalizing that and himself.

OH, wig! I pity much thy hapless fate,  
Faded thy locks, and spoil'd thy globous fo  
Torn from thy last resort, the poet's pate,  
Expos'd to ev'ry insult, ev'ry storm.

My mental eye, with retrospective glance,  
 Can see the fair those locks did once adorn,  
 Winning her easy way in graceful dance,  
 While fancy paints her fairer than the morn.

How those bright locks she lost, heav'n only knows ;  
 Whether for cash she sold them to some prig,  
 Or whether—but it matters not—she chose  
 To let them go, to form thee, hapless wig!

Alas! thou'rt now so tumbled and so torn,  
 Fancy alone, must guess what thou hast been,  
 When and where made, or by what riddle worn,  
 And all the mighty matters *hatch'd* therein.

And first, who made thee? Holmes, or City Ross,  
 Whose windows glows with lots of royal faces;  
 Where wigs are sold, like thimbles, by the gross—  
 'Tis vain to guess, for fled are all thy graces.

But made thou wert, by some one, there's no  
 doubt,  
 And, being made, most surely topp'd a head.  
 The wig oft wisdom gives to some grave lout,  
 Inspiring humble folks, like me, with dread.



Perchance a kingly pericranium once  
 Borrow'd a look of diguity from thee;  
 Then you peep'd down on ev'ry other sconce,  
 Just as an elephant would eye a flea.

Then was each glorious thought *beneath thy cap*  
 Thou might'st be said to hatch each royal whim  
 Except, indeed, oh! tegument of hair,  
 The nightcap claim'd the royal dreams so grin

Or else a prince's head you may have warm'd,  
 (For princes, we are told, wear wigs call'  
 scratches),  
 Where nought but god-like faucies ever swarm'd  
 Whence wisdom emanated in large batches.

Oh, gentle wig, if such a fate was thine,  
 Thou must have felt each hair of thee gro  
 loyal,  
 For princes ever with great virtues shine,  
 Such is the vast effect of being royal.

I never knew a prince that got in debt,  
 Or broke his word, or treated ill his friend,  
 Or squandered thousands on some idle bet,  
 Or injur'd morals when he ought to mend.

Wig, let me tell thee, if thou know'st it not,  
These are the faults of vile untitled sinners ;  
A prince was never known to be a sot,  
Or place his good in women, wine and dinners.

Perchance a marquis, or perchance a duke,  
Or earl, or baron, wore thee, wig of fame ;  
To whom thou gav'st the greatness of their look,  
Where merit had bestow'd a deathless name.

A bishop's upper works you may have deck'd,  
So full of wisdom, and so cramm'd with grace ;  
With no one worldly sin, so naughty, speck'd,  
Nor shewing rubicundity of face.

Whose form was by no paunch, so monstrous, spoil'd,  
Fill'd up with fish, and flesh, and fowl, and tart,  
With fricassed and fried, and roast and boil'd,  
Enough to load a wheelbarrow or cart.

No, heaven be praised! our British bishops, bless  
'em,  
Are all as thin and meek as saints of old ;  
The people all so willingly caress 'em,  
Scarce deeming them of common earthly mould

Or else some dean, divine, or doctor's bob,  
 Thou may'st have kept from cold cathedral  
 damp;  
 Or curate, hired to do each menial job,  
 Who, by those moons, their masters, look like  
 'lamps.

A lord high chancellor's decisive jowl,  
 It may have been thy envied lot to dock,  
 Or some keen pleader's witness—puzzling poll,  
 Has felt thy two tails bob against his neck.

A judge's phiz thou may'st have hung around,  
 So calmly sitting on his wooden bench,  
 Dealing out gentle Justice by the pound,  
 Who holds the balance for him, pretty wench.

Oh, it delights me more than I can tell,  
 To think how sweetly tempered judges are;  
 Not roaring, lion-like, "*'tis false as hell!*"  
 Or awing trembling counsellors at 'bar.

But, lamb-like, pitying each venial crime,  
 Thus winning sinners back to paths of peace,  
 Leaving their souls, so modestly, to Time,  
 To cure their faults, and bid their errors cease.

But should the Kibbler's black-fronted horse,  
 I mean the villain who dares truth to utter,  
 Then exit Mercy, from the fearful scene;  
 She dares no more her gentle distasteful matter.

Oh, it is glorious! know, ye sons of shame,  
 Though infamy should cram ye to the maw,  
 Truth shall not dare to whisper 'gainst your fame,  
 Or mourn for it in prison—such is *Law*.

Oh, wig! if I could once suppose thy form  
 Had ever made a pate like this look fine,  
 Or kept the head that hatch'd a libel warm,  
 I would not pen to thee another line.

But, ah! thou shakest in the wind, poor wig,  
 As if to say, "Indeed, sir, I did not."  
 Now let me haste, for still with song I'm big,  
 To end my guessings at thy former lot.

Perchance some aldermanic lump of lead  
 You hung on once, with pigtail all so stout;  
 Or wisdom gave to some quack doctor's head,  
 Who pocketed the cash of many a lout.

Cover'd, perchance, the noddle of a cook;  
If so, I love him, whether saint or sinner,  
For, oh, I rev'rence more than bed or book,  
The man that kindly sets me down to dinner.

Then, by degrees, methinks I see thee go  
From head to head, of various degree,  
Till fancy fixes you — oh, seat of woe!  
On head of poet poor, alas! like me.

From thence descending to the other end,  
Some shoeblack seizes thee, in lane or street,  
And as you once were known of heads the friend,  
So now you deign to furbish for the feet.

Cast off by him, thy latter end was near,  
But fate has giv'n thee, wig, another squeak,  
Thus, mopstick mounted, lo! I see thee here,  
To scare the owner of each hungry beak.

So some great man, or man that would be great,  
Frets, fumes, and speechifies, so wond'rous big,  
But sinks at last, so mutable is fate,  
Into a downright mopstick and a wig.

Farewell, peruke! and while my thanks I give,  
For all the thoughts elicited by thee;  
Think that thy fame eternally will live,  
And gain an immortality with me.

L—C—Y.



**MACBETH TRAVESTIE;**

**IN THREE ACTS.**

**WITH**

**BURLESQUE ANNOTATIONS,**

*After the manner of*

**DR. JOHNSON, G. STEVENS, Esq.**

**AND THE**

**VARIOUS COMMENTARIES.**





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**Lady MACBETH.**

*itches, Doctor, Gentlewomen, Soldiers,  
Servants, &c.*

1875

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# MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*An open place.*

*Thunder and lightning.—Enter three Witches.*

TRIO.

TUNE.—“*And a begging we will go.*”

1. *Witch.*

h! when, o'er mountains leaping,  
all we three meet again,  
the plains with besom (1) sweeping,  
thunder, lightning, rain?

And a sweeping we will go—will go,  
And a sweeping we will go.

2. *Witch.*

Yon heath, the place of meeting,  
 Ere setting of the sun—  
 Macbeth we'll there be greeting—  
 No sooner said than done !  
 And a greeting we will go, &c.

3. *Witch.*

Grimalkin (2) calls—she's chiding !  
 Fair's foul, and foul is fair ;—  
 Our broom sticks now bestriding,  
 Thus ride we thro' the air.  
 And a riding we will go, &c.

*All.*

Grimalkin calls, &c.

*[They ride off*

SCENE—*The Palace at Foris.*

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.*

*King.*

ay, what poor devil's that? He can relate,  
 no doubt, of the revolt, the newest state;  
 what every circumstance he truly knows,  
 as manifested by his bloody nose.

*Malcolm.*

The sergeant this—who, like a hearty cock, (3)  
 on my behalf braved many a desp'rate knock:  
 how do you do, good fellow!—prithee say,  
 before the king your knowledge of th' affray.

*Captain.*

Long time in doubt the contest, I must own,  
 like two spent curs that's struggling for a bone.  
 The villainous Macdonel—for you know  
 his acts have prov'd the villain long ago;



*Rosse.*

Oh, king, with such alacrity I'll run,  
You may conclude it is already done.

(*Ex. severa*)

~~~~~

SCENE—*The heath.*

*Thunder.—Enter the Three Witches.*

TRIO.

TUNE.—“*Good-morrow Gossip Joan.*”

1. *Witch.*

Pray tell me, Sister Witch,

What thee has been delaying ?

To know too, I beseech,

Where thou'st been also staying—

Sister Witch ?

*2. Witch.*

ll tell thee, Sister Witch,  
 The task I've been fulfilling ;  
 o satisfy an itch,  
 Some swine I've been a killing—  
 Sister Witch.

*3. Witch.*

and I too, Sister Witch,  
 A rump-fed hag was viewing ;  
 ho, seated near a ditch,  
 Her chesnuts there was chewing—  
 Sister Witch.

*All.*

ogether, three times three, (8)  
 About, about, about now—  
 gain about go we—  
 Again, for that makes out now—  
 Three times three !

*Enter Macbeth, Banquo, and Soldiers.*

*Macbeth.*

I never felt a day so warm and cold. (9)

*Banquo.*

Ha! what ill-looking things do I behold?  
 So wild and strange—they sure were never bred  
 On this our earth, tho' on the earth they tread?  
 They seem, indeed, old women to the eye,  
 But then their beards do give their form the lie.  
 If you are beings whom I may address,  
 Pray, who the devil are you?

*Macbeth.*

Aye—confess.

1. *Witch.*

All hail, Macbeth—hail to thee, Thane of Glamis!

2. *Witch.*

And Thane of Cawdor too—for that thy name is.

3. *Witch.*

All hail, Macbeth—hail, Royal Sir, to thee,—  
 For thou, ere many days, a King shalt be.

*Banquo.*

Why start you at this news? Why seem to fear  
 Sounds which are so harmonious to the ear?

ye immortal from the lower regions,

(*To the Witches.*)

my kind of women—I mean sage ones?

1 such kind words my partner you accost,

t I'm afraid his senses he has lost.

ne you speak not—if you know so well

book of fate, my fortune also tell;

matter, good or bad, you may begin,

good or bad, I shall not care a pin.

1. *Witch.*

hail! Less than Macbeth, and yet more great.

2. *Witch.*

' not so happy—happier'thy fate.

3. *Witch.*

' Banquo thou shalt never be a king,

m thee a royal family shall spring.

1. *Witch.*

l Banquo and Macbeth, we must away.

*Macbeth.*

Stop ye mysterious things—I charge you stay,  
 By Sinel's death I know as well as you,  
 I'm Thane of Glamis—How of Cawdor too?  
 The Thane of Cawdor lives—you are in jest,  
 He is a prosperous fellow I protest.  
 And then to be, as you assert, a king,  
 Is surely as incredible a thing.  
 From whence have you deriv'd this information?  
 Why stop our way with such strange salutation?  
 Explain——

*(The Witches run off.)*

*Banquo.*

The earth hath bubbles, now I con,  
 As well as hath the water—but they're gone.

*Macbeth.*

Off like a shot! (10) and what seem'd woman kind,  
 Tripp'd it along like chaff before the wind.  
 Wou'd they had staid——

*Banquo.*

Methinks 'tis all a dream—  
 And what hath been, a fallacy doth seem.

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.*

Macbeth, the king hath heard of all thy feats,  
And oh his royal heart with pleasure beats.

*Angus.*

So high your valor in his favor ranks,  
His Majesty has sent ten thousand thanks. (11)

*Rosse.*

He bade me too to greet you by the name  
Of Thane of Cawdor—such is now thy claim ;  
Hail then most worthy Thane of Cawdor.

*Banquo.*

How!  
The devil: then speaks truth we must allow.

*Macbeth.*

The Thane of Cawdor lives as I suppose—  
Why am I dress'd then in his borrow'd clothes?

*Angus.*

Who was the Thane yet lives—but lives to scorn,  
The greatest scoundrel he that e'er was born;  
'Tis fit that roguery should meet a check—  
He lives then—with a halter round his neck.

*Macbeth.*

Glamis and Thane of Cawdor—but I find,  
The greatest of my hopes is still behind. (*aside*)  
I thank you kindly for the news you bring,  
Remember me, I pray you, to the king.

(*Rosse & An. ex.*)

Well, my brave friend, since what hath taken  
place,  
Don't you now hope to have a royal race?

DUETT.

*Tune—Out of my sight or I'll box your ears.*

Two truths are told, and I must believe.

*Banquo.*

The Devil tells truth sometimes to deceive.

*Macbeth.*

Two truths are told—but oh for the third.

*Banquo.*

For which you have the Devil's word.

*Macbeth.*

Can you be serious?

*Banquo.*

'Tis all mysterious——

*Macbeth.*

Oh dear!

*Banquo.*

'Wait with patience the decree.

*Both.*

Then good or bad, let's merry, merry be,  
And pass our days in mirth and glee.



*Banquo.*

You'll be a King, oh noble Sir,

*Macbeth.*

Chance may do't without my stir.

*Banquo.*

I wish you then a happy reign.

*Macbeth.*

Your sons will kings be, it is plain.

*Banquo.*

Can you be serious ?

*Macbeth.*

'Tis all mysterious.

*Banquo.*

Oh dear.

*Macbeth.*

'Wait with patience the decree,

*Both.*

So good or bad, let's merry, merry be,  
And pass our days in mirth and glee.

(*Ex.*

.....

SCENE—*An Apartment.*

*Enter Lady Macbeth reading a Letter.*

"They met me on the day of my success,  
And with new Titles did thy lord address.  
They call'd me Thane of Cawdor, and—strange  
thing!—

Declar'd hereafter I should be a King.  
I then receiv'd a message, and I vow,  
The Thane of Cawdor is my title now.  
Consider this until we meet again ;  
"Till when your loving husband I remain."  
Cawdor thou art!—(I amis thou wast before,  
And by and by, my dear, thou shalt be more.

But much I fear thou hast a chicken heart;  
 Thou wou'dst be great—wou'dst act a noble part  
 For thou'st ambition and good sense I grant,  
 But impudence, alas! thou seem'st to want;  
 Oh yes—thou wou'dst have greatness at com-  
     mand,  
 But for that greatness wilt not soil thy hand.  
 Then hie thee hither—hither love, repair,  
 And take of my effrontery a share;  
 I'll teach thee this false conscience to subdue,  
 And to be great, thou dirty work shalt do.

*Enter a Servant.*

Well—what's the news?

*Servant.*

The king comes here to-night.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Thou'rt mad to say it.

*Servant.*

Mad! oh no—not quite—

Your ladyship will find that I am right—

fellow-servant came here on the wing,  
to say the Thane is coming with the King.

*Lady Macbeth.*

(*Serv. ex.*)

perceive them well,

Hoarse is that raven sure,  
that croaks the king's arrival at our door.  
Now all ye imps of hell, ye furies pray,  
drive from my heart sweet gentleness away.  
Insex me—teach me fine insidious speeches,  
make me a devil—let me wear the breeches. (12)

*Enter Macbeth. (They embrace)*

Great Glamis—Cawdor too—but I foresee,  
greater than both, by what is yet to be;  
your letters have afforded me vast pleasure,  
and in short, I am transported beyond measure.

*Macbeth.*

My love, this night his Majesty here spends.

*Lady Macbeth.*

When leave us pray?

*Macbeth.*

To-morrow he intends.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Never shall sun that morrow see indeed ;  
 Strange matters in thy face, dear Thame, I read ;  
 Be courteous, give him both your tongue and  
 hand,

And then provide for him—you understand,  
 Don't let your heart with apprehensions throb,  
 To-night my dear—to-night we'll do the job.

*Macbeth.*

The job—it must not be—away the thought,  
 He'ath honor'd me of late, and I have bought  
 A golden character which I, with pride,  
 Should wear, not in a hurry laid aside.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Where then thy golden hopes—thy courage fool  
 Art thou afraid a mighty act to do ?  
 To be the mighty thing desir'd ? Oh fie !  
 Thou woud'st be great, yet to be great wont try ;  
 Thou hope'st to wear a crown—yet childish dread  
 Won't suffer thee to put it on thy head.

Wou  
 Letti

Peac  
 Wha

Wh  
 OF

Woud'st thou have that, and not for that be brave,  
 setting *I dare not* wait upon *I crave*.

*Macbeth.*

Peace wife—I beg you'll be a little civil,  
 What man dare do I dare—but I'm no devil.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Why then communicate to me one word  
 of your desires, if thus you act absurd ?

DUETT.

*Tune—Long Time I've courted you Miss.*

Had I resolved like you, Sir,  
 To put my babe to death,  
 I'd make no more ado, Sir,  
 But quickly stop its breath.  
 With my fal, la, la, la.

*Macbeth.*

Such fire dost thou inherit,  
 Thou shou'dst I vow and swear ;  
 With this undaunted spirit,  
 Men-children only bear.  
 With your fal, la, la, la.

## MACBETH TRAVESTIE.

*Lady Macbeth.*

When Duncan goes to bed, Sir,  
 His Chamberlains I'll ply  
 With wine 'till almost dead, Sir,  
 Then eyes we may defy.  
 Singing fal, lal, la.

*Macbeth.*

All being fast asleep, then,  
 O'ercome with drink and food,  
 I'll to their bedside creep, then,  
 And sprinkle them with blood.  
 Singing fal, lal, la.

*Both.*

When we have murder'd Duncan,  
 With razors which they've brought  
 These fellows stain'd and drunken,  
 Th' assassins will be thought.  
 With their fal, lal, la

*End of Act I.*

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Hall.*

*Enter Macbeth thoughtful—he suddenly stops and starts.*

Is this a razor which obstructs my sight,  
Will he handle next me? damn't, I'll hold it tight.

*(Jumps up, catches at, nothing, reels and falls.)*

Have thee not, and yet I see thee there—  
Hover my head—now hovering in the air.

*(Gets up and looks steadfastly.)*

Art thou not—dreadful something in disguise,  
As sensible to hands as to the eyes?  
Or but a thing of fancy—a meer hoax, (13)  
Proceeding from some mischief-making jokes?



I see thee yet, as palpable in make,  
 As that which from my pocket now I take.  
 Thou point'st the way I purpos'd to proceed,  
 And such a thing I was to use indeed.  
 Mine eyes are t'other senses dupes I swear,  
 Or else worth all the rest—still art thou there;  
 And on thy blade and handle drops of gore,  
 A circumstance which was not so before.  
 'Tis all my eye, (14) it is the cut-throat job,  
 I am about, that doth my vision fob. (15)

## SONG.

*Tune—O what pleasure will abound.*

All are silent—fast asleep,  
 While on tiptoe now I creep—  
 Earth be very stout,  
 Hide my whereabouts, (16)  
 While on tiptoe now I creep.

*(Bell ring*

Hark! the signal—there's the bell;  
 Hear't not Duncan—'tis thy knell;  
 When I'm nigh to you,  
 Then—good bye to you;  
 Hear't not Duncan, 'tis thy kuell.

*(F*

*Enter Lady Macbeth (tipsy)*

hat's stupified my guests hath made me stout;  
hat's made them sleep makes me to stir about:

*(reeling.*

ow for it—hark!—he's open'd wide the doors,  
he fuddled grooms assist him with their snores.

*Enter Macbeth, bloody.*

*Macbeth.*

Who's there?—what ho!

*Lady Macbeth.*

I hope he may succeed.

h' attempt is more terrific than the deed;  
had I not thought him, while asleep I watch'd  
him,

he picture of my dad, I'd have dispatch'd him,  
art there?

*Macbeth.*

ve done the deed.—

*Lady Macbeth.*

Then 'twas done right!

*Macbeth.*

Alack-a-day! this is a sorry sight:  
(*Looks on his hands.*)

*Lady Macbeth.*

A foolish fellow to imagine so!

*Macbeth.*

One titter'd in his sleep and one cried oh!  
They 'woke—they pray'd—they went to sleep  
again—

One said God bless us!—t'other said amen,  
As if they'ad seen me in this ugly trim,  
List'ning their fear and quaking ev'ry limb;  
I would have join'd them in the pious note,  
But when they pray'd—amen stuck in my throat.

*Lady Macbeth.*

And what of that?

*Macbeth.*

Why stuck it in the way?—  
I had more need of blessing, sure than they;  
I a—a—a—is all that I cou'd say: (17)

*Lady Macbeth.*

Be the affair you take so much to heart;  
For that you may act a madman's part.

*Macbeth.*

I thought that "sleep no more," a voice ex-  
press'd,  
Macbeth doth murder sleep—innocent rest, (18)  
The comfort of the weary—sweet repose,  
The hush-a-bye. (19) of all our cares and woes?

*Lady Macbeth.*

What do you mean?

*Macbeth.*

Ill, "sleep no more" it said;  
Glamis hath banish'd sleep from every bed,  
And therefore he—Macbeth shall sleep no more.

*Lady Macbeth.*

And pray who was it made this hideous roar?  
Why, how you chatter at an idle rate;  
I cannot bear such incoherent prate.  
Go, wash your nasty dirty hands my dear;  
Why did you bring the bloody razor here?  
Leave it, I beg of you, in the next room,  
And smear with blood, while fast asleep, each  
groom.

*Macbeth.*

No, hang me if I do! that place I'll shun;  
I am afraid to think on what I've done;  
And if thereon again I were to look—  
Oh dear! I'm very sure that I should puke.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Poor timid soul! give me the razor then;  
Children alone are frighten'd at dead men;  
The job I'll finish, with the blood that's spilt;  
I'll daub the grooms, and it shall seem their guilt.

*Macbeth (starting)*

Curse me! how my heart jumps at ev'ry breeze!  
Bless me! what hands!—eyes look your last on  
these.

Where is the water can wash out this stain?  
What wash-ball make these hands look white  
again?

These hands will rather the bright water deaden,  
And the white wash-ball make a perfect red one,

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth, bloody.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

My hands are of your colour to the sight,  
But I should blush to wear a heart so white;  
I hear a knock—let's to our chamber hie,  
And soap and water to our hands apply.  
Get on your night-gown—banish idle fear,  
We must seem drousy if we're call'd—

*Macbeth.*

Oh dear!—

They knock again—'wake Duncan with this knocking;

Ah wou'd thou cou'dst—thou sleepest without rocking.

(*Es.*)

~~~~~

SCENE.—*The Hall.*

*Enter Macduff and Lenox, preceded by the Porter.*

*Macduff.*

How is it that you slept so long?

*Porter.*

Why, Sir,

We drank too freely.

*Macduff.*

Does your Master stir?

*Lenox.*

Behold Macduff, the worthy Thane is here.

*Macduff.*

Your knocking has awak'd him then I fear.

*Enter Macbeth in his Night Gown.*

*Macduff and Lenox.*

Good-morrow, noble Sir.

*Macbeth.*

Good-morrow both.

*Macduff.*

Pray is the King awake?

*Macbeth.*

Not yet, in troth.



*Macduff.*

He bade me call him, which an hour before  
I should have done.

*Macbeth.*

There is his chamber door.

(*Ex. Mac*)

*Lenox.*

Pray does his Majesty depart to-day ?

*Macbeth.*

'Twas his intention as I heard him say.

*Lenox.*

The night has been most boisterous I think ;  
Upon my soul I did not sleep a wink ;  
The chimnies all fell down, and they declare,  
That groans and lamentations rent the air.

*Macbeth.*

'Twas a rough night.

*Re-enter Macduff.*

*Macduff.*

Distress!—distress!—distress!  
High heart nor tongue can't fancy nor express.

*Macbeth and Lenox.*

What is the matter?

*Macduff.*

Go and there behold—  
I cannot tell—then by your eyes be told.

*(Ex. Macbeth and Lenox.)*

*Macduff.*

Hear the alarm bell—oh! grief and woe!  
Macduff and Donalbain—Malcolm—hullo!  
Rise from your sleep—leave every one his bed;  
Take off death's counterfeit and view the dead.

*(Bell rings.)*

*Enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

Why are we thus disturb'd?—what is the cause  
Of this alarming—this tremendous noise?

*Macduff.*

The story is not fit for woman's ear—  
Oh Banquo—Banquo—Banquo.

*Enter Banquo.*

*Banquo.*

Well, I'm here—

*Macduff.*

Our royal master's kill'd—

*Lady Macbeth.*

Distraction—oh!

*Banquo.*

Thou'rt surely joking—say it is not so:  
My dear Macduff, the dreadful tale deny.

*Macduff.*

Then I should tell a most confounded lie.

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox and Rosse.*

*Macbeth.*

Oh had I died an hour before this chance,  
How happy I—this life is a romance;  
The wine of life is drawn, and if you please  
To look into the vault, you'll find mere lees.

*Exter Malcolm and Donalbain.*

Your royal father's murdered.

*Malcolm.*

Oh, by whom?

*Lenox.*

It seem'd indeed the work of ev'ry groom;  
Their hands and faces, pillows, sheets and razors,  
Were mark'd with blood—they star'd like goggle-  
eyed gazers. (20)

*Macbeth.*

I'm sorry now I sent them all to hell.

*Macduff.*

Why did you so?

*Macbeth.*

Alas I cannot tell—

Who can be mad and tame, calm in a rage,  
Foolish and wise at once? none I engage;  
My great regard push'd reason quite aside,  
Here Duncan lay—his gashes gaping wide.  
The murd'ers there, whose guilty hands display  
The crimson colour of their wicked trade;  
I then my love and fortitude to show,  
(Who cou'd refrain?) dealt each a fatal blow.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Oh hold me, gentlemen, for I must faint. (21)

*(Pretends to faint)*

*Banquo.*

Look to the lady—we'll ourselves acquaint  
With the particulars another time—  
*I am determined to revenge the crime.*

*Macbeth.*

so am I.

*Macduff.*

I.

*All.*

so are all.

*Macbeth.*

will consult together in the hall.

(*Ex.*)

*Malcolm and Donalbain manent.*

*Malcolm.*

not stay here with cut-throats—no indeed;  
I'll be off for England with full speed.

*Donalbain.*

I'll also go to Ireland in a crack, (22)  
on false faces quickly turn my back.

## DUETT.

TUNE—*Since you mean to hire for Service.*

*Malcolm.*

I will leave those vile rascalions,  
 Lest my throat be cut at night ;  
 And without much further dalliance,  
 I'll to England take my flight.

Fal lal la—fal lal la.

*Donalbain.*

I'll to Ireland, best of places,  
 Where in safety I shall breathe ;  
 For I'll trust no smiling faces,  
 When there's daggers underneath.

Fal lal la—fal lal la.

*Both.*

Tho' divided, we'll see whether,  
 We to business can't attend ;  
 Just as well as if together,  
 So good-bye, my dearest friend.

Fal lal la—fal lal la.

*Ex. severally.*

*Scene—An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter Banquo, solus.*

So—Cawder, Glamis, King—yes—all I vow,  
The Weird women promis'd—thou hast now;  
And thou hast foully plan'd for it I fear,  
But hush, no more, for the great man is here.

*Trumpets sound—Enter Macbeth as King,  
Lady Macbeth and Attendants.*

*Macbeth.*

We hold a solemn supper, Sir, to-night,  
To which our worthy friend we now invite.

*Banquo.*

On me your highness your commands may lay.

*Macbeth.*

Ride you this afternoon?

*Banquo.*

A little way.



*Macbeth.*

Remember supper-time.

*Banquo.*

I shall obey.

(*Ex.*)

*Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, manent.*

*Lady Macbeth.*

Why serious love?—Why keep so oft alone?  
Hence with dull thoughts—what's done you know  
is done.

*Macbeth.*

'Tis but half done—would it were wholly so;  
Banquo and Fleance are alive you know.

*Lady Macbeth.*

They cannot live for ever.

*Macbeth.*

Why that's true—  
They may be both attack'd—both murder'd too;  
Well, that's some comfort, 'ere the bat hath flown,  
A deed of note tremendous shall be done.

*Lady Macbeth.*

What is it pray?

*Macbeth.*

Have patience dearest chuck,  
You will applaud the deed if I have luck.

DUETT.

*Two—P've kis'd and P've prattled.*

How many and wond'rous the actions I've known,  
All which have produced much bliss;  
But then of achievements I'm sure you will own,  
The greatest indeed is this.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Whatever it may be, I hope you'll succeed,  
And not with a cross be teased ;  
But pray when you've acted this wonderful deed,  
Will Banquo my dear be pleased ?

*Macbeth.*

So dull and so stupid, dost thou now appear,  
You shall be appris'd of this ;  
If fortune but smile on the action, my dear,  
Then Banquo indeed we'll miss.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Thy riddle indeed now I vow is so deep,  
Explain it you must, my dear ;  
How can you a longing your loving wife keep ?  
For I'm all agog to hear.

*Macbeth.*

So dull and so stupid, &c.

*Lady Macbeth:*

Thy riddle indeed now, &c.

}  
Together.

(*Ex. severally.*)

SCENE—*A Park, the Castle at a Distance.*

*Enter Three Murderers.*

*1 Murderer.*

And pray who made thee join us?

*3 Murderer.*

Why, Macbeth.

*2 Murderer.*

He needs not us mistrust in acts of death.

*Banquo within.*

A light! a light!

1. *Murderer.*

'Tis Banquo that doth shout.

2. *Murderer.*

Now for it then.

3. *Murderer.*

His horses go about.

1. *Murderer.*

He'll walk all the remainder of the way.

*Enter Banquo and Fleance.*

2. *Murderer.*

A light—a light.

3. *Murderer.*

1e.

1. *Murderer.*

for it, friend.

*Banquo.*

ll be rain to-night.

1. *Murderer.*

: descend.

*(They assault Banquo.)*

*Banquo.*

reachery! Fly, Fleance, fly—fly—fly—  
may'st revenge my fall, for I must die.

*(Dies—Fleance escapes.)*

3. *Murderer.*

e doue but half the work—we've kill'd but  
me.

2. *Murderer.*

It was unfortunate we miss'd his son.

1. *Murderer.*

Well, let's away and tell how much is done.

(*Exit*)

.....

SCENE—*A Room of State.*

*Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Rosse, Lennox  
and Company to a banquet.*

*Macbeth.*

Come, gentlemen, be seated—pray make free.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Give all a hearty welcome, Sir, for me.

*Macbeth.*

I'll in the middle sit—in mirth abound,  
And help my friends to push the liquor round.

*Enter the 1st. Murderer.*

What do I see? there's blood upon thy face—  
(*Apert.*)

1. *Murderer.*

Banquo's.

*Macbeth.*

'tis in a proper place.

1. *Murderer.*

Thy throat is cut—I did that noble part.

*Macbeth.*

An honourable cut-throat then thou art—  
I did the like for Florence is another.

1. *Murderer.*

My royal sir, escaped us in the pother.

*Macbeth.*

It comes my fit again—I'd else been whole,  
Founded as the rock; but now my soul



With saucy doubts and fears is rack'd and teased.  
No matter—Mr. Banquo is deceas'd—  
That's comfort—we shall talk again anon,  
So, for the present, fellow, get thee gone.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Come, royal sir, you do not give the cheer.

*(The Ghost of Banquo rises and sits in  
Macbeth's chair.)*

*Macbeth.*

How happy we should be were Banquo here.

*Rosse.*

He ought to be asham'd his word to break.  
But, sir, your royal company we seek.

*(Macbeth going to sit down in the  
ghost's lap, starts back.)*

The table's full !

*Lenox.*

Here is a place, sir.

*Macbeth.*

ere?

*Lenox.*

re, my good lord ; here is your highness's chair.

*Macbeth.*

ich of you cut this fellow's throat, I say ?

*All.*

lose throat ?

*Macbeth.*

ou can't not say 'twas I—away !  
y twist you thus your ugly mug at me ? (23)

*Rosse.*

Majesty is very ill I see.

*Lady Macbeth.*

still—he's drank too freely of his cup,  
l often raves when he has got a sup—(24)

He'll soon be sober—turn away your eyes,  
For if remark'd, his cholar will arise.  
Are you a man?

*(Apart to Macbeth.*

*Macbeth.*

Aye, and a bold one too,  
To look on that would shock the dev'l to view.

*Lady Macbeth..*

Hut tut (25)—all fancy—idle fear I know.

*Macbeth.*

Prithee, see there! behold! behold! look! lo!—  
Why what care I? If thou canst glare about—  
Thy mouth, too, open—damn it, sir, speak out.

*(Ghost vanishes.*

If I stand here I saw him.

*Lady Macbeth.*

Fie for shame—  
Your noble friends do lack you—you're to blame.

*Macbeth.*

n thousand pardons—I'll sit down ;  
 me—I'm ridiculous I own—  
 e of that—give me a glass of grog ; (26)  
 k to all—(a bumper glass, you dog,)  
 our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss—  
 he were here to heighten this our bliss.

*(The ghost rises again.)*

and quit my sight ! I want thee not !  
 nes are marrowless—thy blood not hot ;  
 ist no speculation in those eyes,  
 hou dost roll about.

*Lady Macbeth.*

rs, dont rise,  
 ead drunk—no matter—we'll sit still.

*Macbeth.*

ny man dare do—why that I will—  
 s old Nick, or as a bugaboo ; (27)  
 fun that's terrible to view ; (28)  
 ry shape but that, and I'll be stout,  
 alive again, and call me out ;

If that my courage in one instance droop,  
 Pronounce me then a very mincompoop. (29)  
 Begone! vile shadow!—brush! (30) piece of de-  
 ceit!

Take thyself off!—away, unreal cheat! (30)

(*Ghost vanishes*)

So being gone—now—damn it—I can laugh.

(*Laughs*)

*Lady Macbeth.*

Give us the dram bottle, and let us quaff.

SONG.

TUNE.—“*Push about the Jorum.*”

When fancies vain,  
 Distract the brain,  
 No Galen, Aristotle,  
 Cou'd e'er insure  
 A better cure,  
 Than what is in this bottle.

When fancies vain, &c.

(*All drink out of the bottle*)

When aught's amiss,  
You'll find in this  
The best of all physicians ;  
For sure I am,  
A drop of dram  
Will banish apparitions.

When fancies vain,  
Distract the brain,  
No Galen, Aristotle,  
Cou'd e'er insure  
A better curé,  
Than what is in this bottle.

*End of the Second Act.*

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*A dark Cave.—In the middle a great cauldron burning.—The three Witches discovered looking at the cauldron —Thunder.—Enter Hecate and three other Witches.*

*Hecate.*

Like elves and fairies now begin,  
Enchanting all that you throw in,  
For soon Macbeth you will behold,  
Who'll come his fortune to be told.

*The three Witches move round the cauldron singing, and throwing in several ingredients.*

ONE.—“ *Round about the Maypole how they  
trot.*”

Round about the cauldron now we go,

Lo!

So—

the charms we throw.

Hurly

Burly,

Double

Trouble,

Toil and woe.

Round about the cauldron, as you see,

We

Three

In a circle be—

Dancing,

Prancing,

Bawling,

Calling

Oh dear me!—



*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macbeth.*

Ah! you old hags, what is it you're about?

1. *Witch.*

A nameless deed.

*Macbeth.*

I charge you to speak out—  
Remove my fears—I cannot live in doubt.

2. *Witch.*

Ask, and have all the answers that you need.

3. *Witch.*

Or from our master's mouths they shall proceed

*Macbeth.*

Your masters!—who are they?—Yes, let me v  
them ;  
I pray you, beldams, introduce me to them.

*Witches singing.*

d about the cauldron now we go—

Lo!

So,

r charms we throw—

Wond'rous,

Pond'rous,

Queer things,

Rare things

We will show.

*Apparition of a bloody Child rises.**Apparition.*

eth be bold, for you may laugh to scorn,  
pow'r of any one of woman born.

(sinks.

*Macbeth.*

aks, master Rawhead, (31) for your pleasant  
news—

his rate I my life shall never lose.

*Witches singing.*

Round about the cauldron now we go—

Lo !

So,

In our charms we throw—

Hist now—

List now—

Queer things,

Rare things

Thou shalt know.

*Another Apparition rises with a tree in his hand.*

*Apparition,*

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood mounts Dunsinane's high hill.

(*sinks.*)

*Macbeth,*

That, Mr. Bloody-bones (32) can never be,  
Lest Orpheus comes and pipes to every tree.  
But what of Banquo's children ? will they reign  
As kings hereafter ?

*Witches.*

'e will not explain.

*(The cauldron sinks.)*

*Macbeth.*

will be satisfied—deny me this,  
 nd I will take it very much amiss.  
 'hy sinks the cauldron, prithee let me know ?

*Witches.*

ten grieve his heart, and all the secrets show.

*(Eight Kings pass over, in order, followed by Banquo's ghost.)*

*Macbeth.*

eyday—one—two—three—four—five—six—O !  
 dear !  
 even--eight—and Banquo's self too, doth appear !  
 ie smiles upon me with exulting bliss—  
 urse on you, filthy hags—why shew me this ?

*(The Witches vanish.)*

What! gone! I think they might have said good  
 bye—  
 Unmannerly old jades—but what care I?

## SONG.

TUNE.—“ *All among the leaves so green O!*”

I defy and laugh to scorn,  
 All mankind of woman born;  
 I defy thee bold Macduff,  
 Though he looks so stern and bluff,  
 Vain his efforts, till—Oh dear!—  
 Birnam wood shall walk up here,  
     All among the leaves so green O!—  
     Laugh I then,  
     At all men,  
     Till the grove  
     'Gins to move.  
     Hey down, ho down,  
     Derry derry down,  
     All among the leaves so green O!

Since Macduff has gone so far,  
 As with me to wage a war,  
 I'll this instant seize on Fife—  
 Put to death his babes and wife.

en, to finish my renown,  
I his dirty castle down—

All among the leaves so green O!—

Down with all!

They shall fall;

Babes and wife

Quit this life.

Hey down, &c.

*(Exit.*

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SCENE.—*An apartment.*

*Enter a Doctor and a Gentlewoman.*

*Gentlewoman.*

These many nights she from her bed arose,  
And dress'd herself, and nicely pinn'd her clothes,  
And fast asleep—and, what's more strange, you'll  
think,  
In her slumbers sat to eat and drink.

*Enter Lady Macbeth with a light, and a pail of water, which she lays down.*

Behold—she's here.

*Doctor.*

How came she by that light ?

*Gentlewoman.*

She has a candle by her every night.

*Doctor.*

A pail of water too—soap, and a brush—  
Why, what is she about ?

*Gentlewoman.*

Hush ! Doctor, hush !—

*Lady Macbeth.*

## SONG.

TUNE.—“*Nobody's coming to woo.*”

Oh, here is a nasty red spot,  
 And here is another, I vow,  
 Since plenty of water I've got,  
 My hands I will purify now.  
 And its dear, dear, how can I scrub them out?  
 Oh, dear, what shall I do?  
 No soap and water can rub them out,  
 Nothing restore them their hue.

*(Washing her hands.)*

My hands were once charmingly white,  
 But now they are shamefully red,  
 Alas! what a terrible sight,  
 They fill me with horror and dread.  
 And its dear, dear, how can I scrub them out,  
 Oh, dear, what shall I do?  
 No soap and water can rub them out,  
 Nothing restore them their hue.

*(Exit.)*



*Doctor.*

Will she now go to bed?

*Gentlewoman.*

Yes, and again  
Perhaps will dress, and wash her hands in vain.

*Enter Macbeth and Attendants.*

*Macbeth.*

Well, doctor, how's thy patient?

*Doctor.*

Very ill.  
Her mind's diseased.

*Macbeth.*

Can'st thou not give a pill  
To cure her mind? Can'st thou prescribe no mean  
To pluck a rooted sorrow from her brain?  
No sweet oblivious dose to free the heart  
From gnawing grief?

*Doctor.*

hat is beyond our art,  
is the patient's self the heart must free.

*Macbeth.*

brow physic to the dogs!—no slops for me.

*Enter Servant.*

ow now, thou cream-faced loon, pray get thee  
back,  
ntil Old Nick has dyed thy image black—  
hence this goose look?

*Servant.*

here are ten thousand ———

*Macbeth.*

ese!

*Servant.*

o, sir, nor ganders—they are soldiers.

*Macbeth.*

Cease,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy—go, get a brush,  
Scrub well thy face, and make thy terror blush.  
What soldiers, whey-face?

*Servant.*

The English force ———

*Macbeth.*

I'm sick——  
Take thyself off. (*Servant ex.*) Give me my armour  
quick!  
Oh, doctor, doctor, where's the jollop, pray,  
Can scour these English hence?

*Doctor.*

I cannot say.

*Macbeth.*

Well!—who's afraid! I'll run and meet the foe,  
And, doctor, I shall give you—leave to go.

*Ex. severally.*

SCENE.—*Birnam Wood.*

*Enter Malcolm, Macduff, Siward, and Soldiers.*

*Malcolm.*

The time will come, when we to bed may go,  
And rise again, I hope.

*Macduff.*

And I hope so.

*Malcolm.*

What wood is this?

*Siward.*

'Tis Birnam Wood.

*Malcolm.*

Then, prithee  
Cut each a bough with speed, and bear it with thee,  
Thus will our scanty numbers be disguis'd,  
And we'll a host appear.

*Macduff.*

'Tis well advis'd.

*(They cut down boughs.)*

CHORUS.

TUNE—" *Hark! I hear the sound of coaches.*"

Let us take the field!

Hark! I hear the horses prancing,  
The hour of attack is advancing;  
We shall scorn, brave boys, to yield.

See the bough I wield!

Let cut-throats proudly threaten,  
They shall be quickly beaten,  
We'll leave them not a sword nor shield.

*(Exit.)*

SCENE.—*Dunsinane Castle.*

*Enter Macbeth, Lenox, and Soldiers.*

*Macbeth.*

Begin your tantararas and tattoos. (33)

What they are coming is the gen'ral news.

*(A cry within.*

What caterwauling 's that? (34)

*Lenox.*

They're female cries.

*Macbeth.*

Once they'd have drawn the waters from my eyes,

And made my heart go pit-a-pat with dread. (35)

Why was the noise?

*Lenox.*

The queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macbeth.*

She was in too great haste, methinks, to die,  
 She should have put it off till by and bye;  
 There would have been a time for such a sorrow—  
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 From day to day pass on, and fools and knaves  
 Our yesterdays have sent unto their graves.  
 Out! out! thou farthing rushlight! I protest  
 Life is a walking shadow, but at best.

## SONG.

TUNE.—“*Lillibelloo, or The Modes of the Court.*”

This life's a poor player, who comes on the stage,  
 Where he begins to strut and to fret,  
 How ev'ry night he doth bellow and rage,  
 While a few pence is all he can get.

'Tis true, mayhap,  
 Some folks may clap,  
 But then to hiss him he'll find many more.  
 At length he is call'd down—  
 The curtain must fall down,  
 So exit poor actor, for all is o'er!

*Enter a Servant.*

hou com'st to use thy tongue—speak, then, with  
speed.

*Servant.*

he tale is so strange, I scarce know how, indeed.

*Macbeth.*

'hat is it? say.

*Servant.*

'hile watching on the hill,  
y lord, I look'd toward Birnam wood, until  
ethought I twigg'd it, (36) coming post haste  
here——

*Macbeth.*

me it as quick, sir, as that box in th' ear?

*(Strikes him.)*

*Servant.*

ie grove did move, sir, I am very sure,  
may I twenty boxes more endure,



*Macbeth.*

If false the tale, by heav'n I'll pull your ears  
 Till they drop off: and if it true appears,  
 You may pull mine, as much then as you please.  
 Curse on this moving grove, these dancing trees,  
 There is no staying here, nor flying there,  
 For 'tis all dicky (37) with me, any where.

*(Exit.*

~~~~~

SCENE.—*Before Dunsinane.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and Soldiers,  
 with boughs.*

*Malcolm.*

Throw down your leafy screens, yourselves now  
 show

*In propriis personis* to the foe.

Now, my good fellows, brave Macduff and I  
 Will undertake what should be done.

*Siward.*

I bye.  
if the enemy we meet to-night,  
is be beaten if we cannot fight.

*Macduff.*

said, my lad of wax, (38) we'll all act right,  
the vile foe most preciously we'll drub.

*Malcolm.*

gh! sound trumpets, beat a rub-a-dub. (39)  
*Ex. severally.*

*Enter Macbeth.*

beset, so here I needs must stay,  
needs must fight—I cannot run away.  
matter for the row, (40) all I may scorn,  
him, indeed, not of a woman born.

*Enter Siward.*

t is thy name?

*Macbeth*

Thou'dst tremble, did I tell.

*Siward.*

No! were it hotter than all those in hell.

*Macbeth*

My name's Macbeth.

*Siward.*

The devil could not have said  
A name of more disgust.

*Macbeth.*

Or of more dread.

*Siward.*

Sir, that insinuation I deny,  
And this, my sword, shall prove thou'st told a  
(*They fight.—Siward is kil*

*Macbeth.*

It gone to pot ; (41) and so shall every other  
has to boast he ever had a mother.

*Enter Macduff.*

*Macduff.*

hell-hound, turn !

*Macbeth.*

I will turn my back,  
more of thy blood now, I do not lack.

*Macduff.*

tongue is in my sword ! 'tis that shall say  
now I mean.

*Macbeth.*

about's thrown away ;  
mayst as soon th' intrenchant air, indeed,  
thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed ;  
a charmed life which none can harm,  
is of woman born

*Macduff.*

Despair thy charm,  
And let Old Nick, whom thou hast follow'd, tell'ee,  
Macduff was ripp'd out of his mother's belly.

*Macbeth.*

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For 'tis all dicky with me now, I know.  
Curs'd be those hags, by whom I've been amus'd.  
I will not fight—I beg to be excus'd.

*Macduff.*

Then, coward, yield! and thou shalt live to be  
A show for all mankind to come to see.  
Thou shalt be sent to Pidcock's, Ex'ter 'Change,  
And be exhibited with monsters strange.

*Macbeth.*

How! yield to thee? I am not such a flat; (42)  
I'd see thee damn'd first—so I tell thee that.  
Tho' Birnam Wood in Dunsinaue be seen,  
And of no woman born too, thou hast been,  
Yet I'll have at thee, for perhaps I can  
Prove thou'rt at least a vulnerable man.

perhaps I'll prove the prophecies all fibs,  
penetrating some of your small ribs.  
And so begin; and now Macduff lay on,  
and damn'd be he that first cries "Pray be done."

*(They fight, Macbeth falls.)*

Ho! 'tis all over with me—yes—heigh ho!  
Ho—it is, indeed, all o—o—o—. (43)

*(Dies.)*

*Enter Malcolm, Soldiers.*

*Macduff.*

Here where the tyrant lies! When he's quite dead,  
I'll whet a hatchet, and chop off his head.

*Malcolm.*

High as a trophy thou shalt with thee bring,  
And we will then proclaim thee Scotland's king.

*End of the Play.*



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*Burlesque Annotations*

UPON

**MACBETH TRAVESTIE,**

*After the manner of*

**DR. JOHNSON, G. STEEVENS, Esq.**

AND THE

**VARIOUS COMMENTATORS.**





The following table shows the results of the experiment. The data is presented in a table format with columns for 'Time (min)', 'Temperature (°C)', and 'Concentration (g/L)'. The values are as follows:

Time (min)	Temperature (°C)	Concentration (g/L)
0	25	0.5
10	25	0.5
20	25	0.5
30	25	0.5
40	25	0.5
50	25	0.5
60	25	0.5
70	25	0.5
80	25	0.5
90	25	0.5
100	25	0.5
0	35	0.5
10	35	0.5
20	35	0.5
30	35	0.5
40	35	0.5
50	35	0.5
60	35	0.5
70	35	0.5
80	35	0.5
90	35	0.5
100	35	0.5
0	45	0.5
10	45	0.5
20	45	0.5
30	45	0.5
40	45	0.5
50	45	0.5
60	45	0.5
70	45	0.5
80	45	0.5
90	45	0.5
100	45	0.5

The results indicate that the concentration remains constant at 0.5 g/L throughout the experiment, while the temperature increases from 25°C to 45°C over the 100-minute period.

## ANNOTATIONS.

### ACT I.

(1) *With besom.*

Witches, or, as they are called in the Scotch language, *Wcirds*, have been always represented as riding on broomsticks, or sweeping the ground. It would be difficult to assign any other reason for this strange representation than that poets thought it necessary to give them some *peculiar feature*, and that when visible to the human eye they should seem *industrious old women*.

THEOPHILUS

(2) *Grimalkin.*

This word, according to its true etymology, signifies *grey* and *little*, and has been by some writers applied to a grey cat, but in general, as in the present instance, it means a little old Woman.

JOHNSON

(3) *A hearty cock.*

*Hearty* here signifies *brave*, which is the characteristic of that noble bird the cock.

POPE.

I am inclined to think that our author wrote *hardy*, and not *hearty*, as appears from the following line,

and thus "Braved many a desperate knock."

STEVENS.

(4) *Macdonel's dish'd.*

Much poetical beauty may be discovered in this expression, if we read with attention the concluding lines of the captain's speech. We there find that **Macdonel's head was displayed on the battlements;**

of course Macdonel was *carved*, according to the metaphor, and when laid out in his coffin, he was *disk'd*—i. e. served up for worms.

POPE.

(5) *Kick'd up.*

*Kick'd up* is a familiar expression for *stirr'd up*, and appears to originate from the old saying, *to kick up a dust.*

JOHNSON.

(6) *Adzooks!*

An exclamation of joy or surprise, similar to *Oh, dear!* and not an oath, as defined by some lexicographers.

JOHNSON.

(7) (*Cracking his fingers.*)

I have taken the liberty of introducing this parenthesis as a guide to the performer, for certainly our author meant some kind of contempt to be shown when he wrote—“*That for the thane of Cawdor.*”

THEOBALD.

(8) *three times three.*

The superstitious have always imagined that *three* is a lucky number; hence it is inferred that there is a charm in it.

WARBURTON.

(9) *So warm and cold.*

Contradictory as this may appear, it has frequently been the case, many sudden changes of the weather have been felt in one day. But we may suppose that the violent exercise of marching, and the warm work of fighting, rendered Macbeth very hot, and that upon entering the heath he felt a sudden chilliness.

MALONE.

(10) *Off like a shot.*

A beautiful simile; for what can exceed the rapidity of a ball when discharged from a gun or pistol. In the quarto edition it is rendered *Off! like a shot*; which showed the ignorance of the editor. I have therefore corrected the punctuation; for Macbeth is not commanding the witches to be off, he is only commenting on the suddenness of their departure.

THEOBALD.

(11) *Ten thousand thanks.*

We are not to understand this literally, as if his majesty had *enumerated* his thanks, but that the royal thanks were liberal and unqualified. It is a poetical expressions, which is repeated in Act. II.—“I beg ten thousand pardons.”

POPE.

(12) *Let me wear the breeches.*

Lady Macbeth wishes here to be masculine, to appear like a man; not absolutely and *bonâ fide* to wear the dress of a man.

JOHNSON.

## ACT II.

(13) *A meer hoax.*

The definition of this word *hoax* is rather obscure, but I think it is either derived from, or a continuation of, *hocus pocus*, which signifies a juggle, a cheat.

JOHNSON.

(14) *'Tis all my eye.*

I think there must be some mistake here, and that the author had written, *'Tis all a lie.*"

WARBURTON.

'Tis all my eye, is correct. The meaning is, it is all an error of my eye.

THEOBALD.

The signification of this sentence I understand to be this—It is my eye that deceives my understanding by the representation of a false razor. Probably the author alluded to “the *mind's* eye.”

JOHNSON.

(15) *my vision fob.*

I think we should read *rob*, instead of *fob*—i. e. it is the business which I am about that *robs* me of my proper sight.

STEEVENS.

The substitution of *rob* for *fob* would be nonsense. Macbeth is not *deprived of*, but *cheated in*, his sight. To *fob*, signifies to trick, to impose upon, and is derived from the little pocket bearing that name, which is made in the breeches to receive the watch, that being the first thing which pickpockets generally aim at.

JOHNSON.



(16) *Hide my whereabouts.*

*Whereabout* is a substantive here ; as if he had said,  
Hide whatever place I may tread on.

JOHNSON.

(17) *And a— a— a— is all that I could say.*

In the folio edition it is *And ah ! ah ! ah ! is all that I could say*, which is an evident blunder of the stupid editor.—*a— a— a—*, are no interjections ; *Macbeth* was endeavouring to say *amen*, and he could only articulate the first syllable.

THEOBALD.

(18) *Innocent rest.*

Our author has laid the accent on the middle syllable of *innocent*, which is not correct.

POPE.

(19) *The hush-a-bye.*

We certainly ought to read *lull-a-bye*, instead of *hush-a-bye*.

STEEVENS.

*Lull-a-by* is the nurse's song to put children to sleep ; but *hush-a-bye* are in general the words of that song, and are very poetically united here, constituting a single substantive.

JOHNSON.

(20) *Goggle-eyed gazers.*

That is, gazers with large rolling eyes.

MALONE.

Gazers whose eyes were looking a-squint.

This is certainly the true interpretation. We cannot suppose that the eyes of men, who were just fast asleep, could be large and rolling.

STEEVENS.

(21) *Oh hold me gentlemen, for I must faint.*

This is an excellent delineation of a pretended faint. Had Lady Macbeth been really inclined to faint, she would have suddenly dropped, without having given the gentlemen any notice : but finding it necessary to sham a faint, she is afraid of hurting herself, and thus unguardedly prepares the gentlemen to prevent her fall.

POPE.

(22) *In a crack.*

A familiar expression derived from the cracking of one's fingers.

JOHNSON.

(23) *Why twist you thus your ugly mug at me?*

*Mug* is an obsolete term for *mouth*. I have met with it in many scarce works. By *twisting*, we are therefore to understand, that the ghost is making ugly mouths at him.

MALONE.

(24) *Has got a sup.*

Meaning a sup too much.

THEOBALD.

(25) *Hut tut.*

I presume that these words are derived from *hush!* *tush!* and that their signification is—Hold your tongue—For shame!

JOHNSON.

(26) *A glass of grog.*

Grog was a very fashionable drink at this time, in Scotland.

THEOBALD.

(27) *A bug-a-boo.*

Or *bug-bear*—they are synonymous terms.

JOHNSON.

The *bug-a-boo* was thought to be some tremendous monster; and is a name frequently made use of by nurses to frighten children, and lull them to sleep.

STEEVENS.

(28) *A fe-faw-fum, that's terrible to view.*

*Fe-faw-fum.* This must be the name of another monster.

STEEVENS.

By the words—*that's terrible to view*, the author means a giant; and *fe-faw-fum*, are supposed to be the words which these giants frequently uttered. I

have been diligent in exploring their signification, and conceived them to be ~~be~~ *feast, or feedme* (for these giants were cannibals) *fawn* on me, for I came *fu-mingly* (angrily.)

MALONE.

(29) *A very nincompoop.*

Some derive *nincompoop* from *non compos*; but here it signifies more a coward than a lunatic. In my opinion it comes from *ninny*.

JOHNSON.

(30) *Brush.*

As a brush when used is always in motion, this word, thus used, implies—move!—vanish!

ACT III.

(31) *Raw Head.*

An imaginary apparition, which I believe originated from Scotch superstition.

MALONE.

(32) *Bloody-bones.*

Another imaginary apparition. Nurses are to this day very apt to alarm children with stories of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

MALONE.

*Row* seems to me to be derived from *row-de-dow*, the noise of a drum.

JOHNSON.

(41) *Thou'rt gone to pot.*

That is, thou art *duped*—it is a culinary phrase.

THEOBALD.

(42) *I am not such a flat.*

*Flat* signifies dullness, stupidity, cowardice; for only a coward will lie down to receive the buffets of his antagonist.

JOHNSON.

(43) *All o—o—o.*

He is endeavouring to repeat his former words, all over with me. This is exceedingly poetical. In the quarto edition the blundering editor has rendered it "it is all."—*Oh! oh! oh!*

THEOBALD.

**MISCELLANIES.**



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Main body of text, appearing as a large, dark, illegible block.

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## MISCELLANIES.

### PADDY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE VIRGIN OF THE SUN.

A SONG.

TUNE.—“*Paddy's Description of Pizarro.*”

MY cousin O'Shaugnessy said 'tother day,  
Pizarro is now quite a different play,  
So Paddy, cried he, with a comical laugh,  
When you saw all Pizarro you did not see half.

To know the first part, as the last I had seen,  
I saved for the Maid of the Sun a *thirteen*,  
And when it struck five by a number of clocks,  
Myself in the gallery took a snug box.

The curtain rose up, and faith Rolla walk'd in,  
 A priest kindly told him he look'd very thin,  
 And begg'd home again to his friends he wou'd  
 trudge,  
 But Rolla roar'd out—'I'll be d—'d if I budge!

Now all in the dumps was poor Rolla, and why?  
 Faith Cora had sworn an old maid she would die,  
 So Rolla retired to a cave all alone,  
 In comfort and peace there to fret and bemoan.

Alonzo, more wise, and in love too as deep,  
 Remain'd on the spot at dear Cora to peep,  
 And with his sly peeping—Oh, faith it appears,  
 The virgin and he fell in love head and ears!

Now quickly the earth had a big ague fit,  
 'Twas lucky for Pat that he wasn't in 'the pit':  
 Such shaking and quaking, so strange and so odd,  
 The trees, by the powers, went niddy nod!

Amidst all this rocking, poor Cora ran out,  
 The walls of the temple then tumbled about!  
 The crackers, Oh dear! fill'd the maid with  
 alarms,  
 And down faith she dropp'd—in Alonzo's  
 arms.

"For you," cried the Spaniard, "I'll venture my life ;"

Away then he took her, and made her his wife.  
Meanwhile to complain all the virgins began,  
Because their chaste sister had look'd on a man.

Brave Rolla immediately quitted his cave,  
In hopes his dear Cora from danger to save ;  
But hearing Alonzo the virgin had got,  
He look'd like a fool, and was off like a shot.

He call'd on the Spaniard the fair to resign,  
The Spaniard replied, "Sir, the lady is mine."  
This Cora confirm'd, then said Rolla, "Oh, well,  
"To make you both happy, I'll now go to hell."

Oh, faith, the young lovers in judgment they call,  
A fine botheration 'bout nothing at all !  
They talk'd of the sun too, but any *bosstoun*,  
Would think by their talk 'twas the full of the  
moon.

At length all the priests and the virgins arrive,  
Poor Cora is doom'd to be buried alive !  
Her husband, and father, the judge too proclaims,  
Must both, fire and faggots ! be toss'd into flames !

But Rolla bounc'd in, and his sword having waved,  
He swore to the king all their lives should be  
saved ;

Then told the high-priest, and he told true enough,  
That all he had said was a d—d pack of stuff.

The king's eyes were open'd when Rolla he saw,  
He took his advice, and he broke the vile law ;  
The music struck up, *Oh be joyful to sing,*  
And down fell the curtain with prayers for the  
king.

But what is most strange, now Alonzo, the spouse,  
Came forward, and, after a few pretty bows,  
He said that the Virgin next night should appear,  
Which, as she was married, I thought rather queer.

Now blessings on Rolla, is all I've to add,  
'Twas well that the king such a minister had.  
May majesty always in cases so nice,  
Be blest with a Rolla to give his advice.

THADY'S DESCRIPTION OF THE  
HOBBIES.

A SONG.

*Tune—The same as the foregoing.*

*Sung at the Theatre Royal Haymarket.*

MYSELF at the Haymarket play-house one night,  
Was told by a person in diamonds all bright,  
There was not a man, whether woman or child,  
Who had not his hobby, for so it was styled.

And a hobby, dear joy,

That is a toy,

A plaything for every habble-de-hoy!

The courtier, the statesman, the buck and the  
belle—

Och! all have their hobbies, as faith we know  
well;

The fop has his hobby, and, judging from thence,  
A plentiful want of good manners and sense!

And a hobby, &c.

Och! money's the hobby with every one now,  
The courtier for this makes the statesman a bow;  
The soldier fights for it in Spain, and elsewhere,  
The fiddler plays for it his *Robin Adair*.

And a hobby, &c.

With rhino in plenty, long life to the blade,  
Who makes it his hobby to do good for trade;  
And pays ready money to cut a fine show,  
May he, like a game cock, for ever then crow!

And a hobby, &c.

An Irishman's hobby is—what do you think?  
Why, love to be sure, and good whisky to drink,  
A sup in the head gives such life to the heel,  
That if he cant jig it, he'll tip you a reel.

And a hobby, &c.

The hobby which is, of all hobbies the best,  
 Is lending a hand to assist the distress,  
 Oh, when with such hobbies the wretched we  
 cheer,  
 St. Patrick will write his best thanks for it here.

*(Laying his hand on his heart.*

And such hobbies, dear joy,  
 Never can cloy,

Oh may they be then our yearly employ.



## THE IRISH LOVER.

'TWAS Larry O'Whack of Kilkenny,  
Who had but three teeth and no more,  
Had paid his addresses to many,  
And married I think half a score;  
He'd a wife, Sir, in every corner,  
With whom 'bout a month he wou'd stay,  
The honey-moon over, he'd scorn her,  
And haste to another away.

But some of his wives became cronies  
Together to tea now they came,  
While praising their Irish Adonis,  
They wondered the name was the same :  
Says Judy, we're surely related,  
'Tis plain as the nose on your face ;  
Then Catty immediately stated  
The Whacks were a numerous race.

Larry came at this critical time in,  
At whom they discharg'd all their tea ;  
Oh how he curs'd Cupid and Hymen,  
When thus in hot water was he !  
The fair having us'd all their Congou,  
The tea-things at length flew about ;  
He lost both his peepers at one go,  
The tea-pot divided his snout.

Poor Larry the combat relinquish'd,  
Confess'd he had taken them in,  
Because when his sight was extinguish'd,  
He saw very clearly the sin ;  
The ladies, all sorry and sad now,  
Made haste their own doctor to cal ;  
Mean while Larry fled and they had now  
The devil a husband at all.

## THE STAGE STRUCK HERO.

A stage-struck hero, while at home,  
His *Zanga* oft wou'd roar;  
One day the servant maid did come,  
And gently op'd the door.

"*Woman away!*" aloud he cried,  
"*I choose to be alone;*"  
"Sir, I beg pardon," she replied,  
"There's one below, unknown."

He seiz'd her hand and that with speed;  
For *Isabella* dear;  
"*In tears thou fool?*"—Not I indeed,  
I seldom shed a tear.

But what's the meaning of all this?"

"*I'll tell thee,*"—"Well, Sir, well;  
"But be thou plung'd in hell's abyss,  
"If ever it thou tell."

"You terrify me, Sir, Oh Lord!

What can the secret be?  
I'll never tell, upon my word,  
No, never, you shall see.

What is it, Sir? I long to know;"—

"*Know then, I hate Alonzo.*"—  
"I understand—the man below—  
How dare he trouble me so?"

Away she went, and in good truth,  
The man began to blame;  
In the mean time our stage-struck youth,  
*Richard the Third* became.

"*Here will I pitch my tent,*" he said,  
And on the sofa stretch'd—  
Again appeared the servant maid,  
For she his breakfast fetched.

*" Give me a Horse—bind up my wounds,"*  
He jumping up did bawl ;  
The woman starting at these sounds,  
Let all the tea-things fall.

In came the man, who having bow'd,  
Said " Buckram, Sir, I am,"  
*" Off with his head!"* he cried aloud,  
*" So much for Buckingham.*

The man jump'd back—the woman scream'd,  
For both were sore afraid ;  
A bedlamite our spouter seem'd,  
And like *Octavian* said,

*" I cannot sleep,"* and wherefore pray ?  
*" The leaves are nearly pull'd ;"*  
This said, the woman walk'd away,  
Until his frenzy cool'd,

But Buckram gave his bill and so  
He was resolved to stay—  
*" I'll hug't—will glut on it."*—" Oh no,  
I'd rather, Sir, you'd pay.

**"Reptile?"** The exclamation shocks,  
Great were the tailor's fears;  
**"I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,"**  
The man pull'd out his shears.

**"I'll grapple with thee thus,"** he cried,  
And soon the shears he won;  
The tailor was so terrified,  
That he thought fit to run.

**JACK OF PLYMOUTH DOCK.****A SONG.**

I'M honest Jack of Plymouth Dock,  
To king and country true,  
So firm my heart, 'tis like a rock,  
For fear I never knew.  
Tho' breakers strike, the vessel reel,  
The planks begin to part,  
Tho' enemies a broadside deal,  
My timbers never start;  
For honest Jack of Plymouth Dock,  
Is to his post sincere,  
He disregards the loudest shock,  
A stranger to all fear.

But when distress, that biting shark,  
Has laid a comrade low,  
The first am I, indeed, t'embark,  
And take the wretch in tow,  
And like a sail my heart-strings bend,  
For ah! I cannot bear  
To see, perhaps, a ~~brother~~ friend  
Begin to pipe a tear;  
No, honest Jack of Plymouth Dock  
Is to his friend sincere,  
By flattery he scorns to mock,  
With help he loves to cheer.



## MR. SNOW AND MISS FROST,

## THE WARM COUPLE.

MR. SNOW, late of *Coldstream*,  
For Miss *Frost* a passion felt;  
Mr. *Snow* avow'd his flame,  
And Miss *Frost* began to melt.  
Off from *Cold-Bath-Fields* were they,  
Eager for the nuptial bands;  
Mr. *Hoar* gave *Frost* away,  
Doctor *Winter* join'd their hands.

## AN ACTOR.

AN actor's *the Wonder, the Rage,*  
*The Man of the World* I declare,  
He fights, dies, and kills, on the stage,  
For *Killing no Murder* is there.  
An actor can be *Rich and Poor,*  
*Poor Vulcan, Poor Soldier* appear  
And yet th' *Heir at Law* can insure  
*The Purse,* and *Five Thousand a Year.*  
Oh, he is the *Poor Gentleman,*  
*The Hypocrite,* for he can scoff.  
*The Weathercock, Catch him who can,*  
*Abroad and at Home, Five Miles off.*  
*At Home,* he is then full of whim,  
But when *Not at Home* there's a hiss;  
A hint *Look at Home* is to him,  
Whene'er *Out of Place, Hit or Miss.*

The *Country Attorney* he plays,  
 And *Love in a Village* he shows,  
 And oft the *Mock Doctor* pourtrays,  
 For *Love, Law, and Physic* he knows.  
 By *Management* and *Ways and Means*,  
 The *Counterfeit* finds a disguise,  
 And when his *Wild Oats* grace the scenes,  
 Th' applause of *John Bull* is the *Prize*.  
 He makes *Education* his head,  
 The *School of Reform* to display;  
 The *School* (tho') for *Scandal*, indeed,  
 Doth *Turn out*—The *Lie of the Day*,  
 But tho' *False and True* he appears,  
 Tho' *Dead and Alive* to *Remorse*,  
 Tho' sometimes he wears asses ears—  
 No *ELEPHANT* he, nor a *HORSE*.

## O. P. AND P. S.

O. P. and P. S. oft appear,  
For right-hand and left-hand stage terms,  
An anecdote then you shall hear,  
A fact as my author affirms.

A playbook with prompter's each mark,  
A gentleman took in his hand,  
And being an ignorant spark,  
He did not the signs understand.

"What is enter. O. P. pray?" cried he,  
The bookseller 'gan to explore,  
"Why, enter O. P.—that must be,  
To enter, sir, *opening* the door."

“ And enter P. S. pray explain.”

“ Ah, that, sir, is easily done

To enter P. S.—that must mean,

To enter, sir, *pushing* straight on.”

## PADDY'S COURTSHIP IN LONDON.

A SONG.

*Tune—"Tight Irish Boy."*

I.

WHEN first I left Ireland, that dear little place,  
And came here to London, my time to employ,  
The lasses all stared at the brogue on my face,  
I talk'd, and I sung, and I drank, with such grace,  
For I was always

Prattling, rattling,  
Quaffing, laughing,  
Sporting, courting,  
Joking, smoking,  
Winking, drinking,  
Whiskey, frisky,  
Rumical, comical,  
Splash away, dash away,  
Knocking down, stocking down,  
Skipping up, tripping up,  
Oh, botheration, a *true* Irish boy.

## II.

But soon it fell out, that in love I fell in,  
 My pleasure was pain, and all sorrow my joy;  
 So to the dear creatures myself did begin,  
 To tell the sad work Cupid did here within.

And I began with  
 Sobbing, throbbing,  
 Dying, sighing,  
 Kneeling, stealing,  
 Kisses, blisses,  
 Adoring, imploring,  
 Caressing, addressing,  
 Dear jewel, you're cruel,  
 No suarling, my darling,  
 Oh, honey! you're funny,  
 Grammachree, don't you see,  
 How I be,  
 Looking neat, loving sweet,  
 All so handy, quite the dandy,

Oh, botheration, a *fond* Irish boy.

## III.

ow Jenny was mine, and I lov'd her so well,  
Myself staid at home ev'ry evening to toy,  
t what do you think, there was Catty and Nell,  
With Bridget and Sue, och! as jealous as hell!

d to it they all fell,

Beating, prating,

Shouting, pouting,

Tearing, swearing,

Staring, daring,

Flying out, crying out,

Pulling caps, giving slaps,

Thundering, wondering, blundering,

Noise a making, sides a shaking,

Jaws a breaking,

Ubaboo, pillaloo,

For botheration, a tight Irish boy.



## IV.

I kiss'd them all round, they were happy and smil'd,  
 But I soon left them all, their sweet selves to  
 enjoy,  
 For early one morning comes Catty quite wild,  
 And into my lap threw a lump of a child.

Och! blood and ounds! what's this?  
 Squalling, bawling,  
 Scrutching, reaching,  
 Looking about, puking about,  
 Free making, peace breaking,  
 Here Winny, come Jenny,  
 Take it, shake it,  
 Hush you bye, never cry,  
 Silence keep, go to sleep,  
 Give it pap, or a slap,  
 Stop its throat, drown that note,

Oh, botheration, its no Irish boy.

## FASHION'S VAGARIES.

HOW strange are all fashion's vagaries and ways,  
For what is the fashion we ever must praise;  
How various the titles by which she is known—  
The *taste* and the *tippy*, the *rage*, and the *ton*.

When Adam was fashioned, in truth I must say,  
He'd not be a fashionable spouse for this day;  
But as to his consort, it must be confessed,  
The ladies of fashion like Eve have been *drest*.

Before any spencers, were clokes and surtouts,  
And Nimrod first sported the fashion of boots,  
For he was a buck, though he had not a wife,  
And never saw Bond-street perhaps in his life.

The painting the skin, we're by history told,  
Was first introduced by the Britons of old ;  
And this is a fashion that's still thought a grace,  
For it gives a new bloom to an old virgin's face.

The old English Barons sought liberty sweet,  
And born to be free cast their chains at their feet,  
King Edward and Henry new fashions bestowed,  
And Richard himself was equipp'd *a la-mode*.

With ladies the stomachers all were the *ton*,  
They boasted long waists, tho' they lately had  
    none ;  
An excellent *taste* sure Queen Betty display'd,  
When breakfast on porter and beef-stakes she  
    made.

In the reign of King Charles you distinguished a  
    prig,  
By the length of his cane and the size of his wig ;  
Cromwell's hats were quite broad—the heads thick  
    and round,  
Their hair hung like candles sixteen to the pound.

But now the reverse in the taste which prevails,  
Our bucks are all crops, for they've all lost their  
tails—

The noddle a proof of such emptiness gives,  
They have nothing to spare now but cloth in their  
sleeves.

Tho' fashion to vary for ever is prone,  
One thing still exists, and will still be the *ton*,  
For Englishmen always so brave and sincere,  
Their King and their Country will ever revere.

## PLAGIARIES.

Our Critics are both "Sharp and Flat,"  
They see, but they oft overlook—  
They rail, they condemn and all that,  
Before they examine the book.

"The Hole in the Wall," is, they say,  
"The Pannel," and that's very true;  
They shou'd tho' have known there's a play  
Has part of the dialogue too.

The play of, "M. P." they declare,  
Is written in a genuine style—  
But no, Sirs, it is, I can swear,  
A plagiary equally vile.

thor has stol'n his *third* act,  
nder how M——, cou'd so rude be);  
stol'n,—I'll prove it a fact,  
incidents from, "As it should be."

FINIS.







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